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## GEN. ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

General Robert E. Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Rebel Armies, whose portrait we give on this page, is unquestionably a consummate master of the art of war. That superiority, indeed, was acquired at the expense and under the patronage of the Government he is now endeavoring to destroy; but this does not alter the fact. His career, prior to his desertion of the flag of the country, may be briefly stated. Born in 1808, he was regularly educated at West Point. In the Mexican campaign he served with the Engineer Corps, and was twice promoted for gallantry. At Chapultepec he was severely wounded. In 1852, while holding the rank of Major, he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy; but three years afterward he was sent to Europe with M'Clellan, then a Captain, to study the proceedings of the French and English armies in the siege of Sebastopol. About that time he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, and this was his position when he traitorously forsook his country and entered the rebel service.

General Lee, now in his fifty-sixth year, is six feet in height, erect, well-formed, and of imposing appearance; has clear black eyes, dark-gray hair, and a heavy gray beard. He is plain in dress, wearing a black felt hat with a narrow strip of gold around it, and a plain Brigadier's coat with three stars on the collar. He is said to be popular with his army, but the conviction is growing that in General Grant he has met his match; and the confidence now entertained in him is not, probably, as great as formerly. In the present campaign he has displayed great tenacity and skill in the management of his army; but in all the elements of strategy Grant has proved more than his equal.

The photograph from which our engraving is made is one taken by Messrs. Minnis & Cowell, of Richmond, which bears the stamp of its legal registration in 1863, "in the District Court of the Confederate States for the Eastern District of Virginia."

## GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We continue our illustrations of General Sherman's campaign in Georgia, which is only second in importance to that of General Grant in Virginia.—On pages 424 and 425 we present a stirring picture of the Rebel Assault on General Logan's Position in the battle at Dallas, May 28. The first attack of the enemy was made upon General Harrow's Division, and a portion of the incomplete earth-works on the extreme front were carried by the assailants and a part of a battery captured. This success, however, was but momentary; Walcott's Brigade immediately charged, driving back the enemy and recapturing the battery. The assault then became general. General Logan, seeing the importance of the crisis, dashed along the lines with words of cheer and encouragement, and in a few minutes his troops were swarming over the works and rushing resistlessly down upon the now retiring foe. The rebel assault was made by Cheatham's, Bates's, and Walker's divisions of Hardee's Corps. The men said they were told the assault was to be made upon a negro brigade and a few hundred-days' men. Their loss in the assault was 3000 men. Our picture shows General Morgan L. Smith's Division on the extreme left, General Osterhaus's Division next on the right, and General Harrow's on the extreme right.

On page 421 we give a sketch, showing General Hooker's Escort charging through the Woods, and opening the battle near Dallas, May 25. In approaching Dallas this corps marched in three columns, General Hooker being with the centre column, under the command of General Geary. Just as the head of the column reached Pumpkin Vine Creek a few shots were fired by a small force of rebels. The escort under Captain Duncan dashed across the bridge, which had been fired but not consumed, and a sharp skirmish ensued, the rebel force (of cavalry) being driven back until the ammunition of the body-guard was exhausted. Then a charge was made, led by Captain Duncan of the escort and Colonel Fessenden of General Hooker's staff. Just at this time the head of General Geary's column came up and was soon heavily engaged. Thus opened the battle of Dallas. Before night of the same day the commands of Generals Williams, Butterfield, Howard, and Palmer were all in position.

Another sketch, illustrative of the same battle, is given on page 428. It shows General Williams's Division of Hooker's Corps driving the rebels through the woods. Colonel Robinson's Brigade is on the left, General Ruger's in the centre, and General Knipe's on the right. On page 420 we give five sketches, showing the scene of several important events in Sherman's campaign. One sketch shows the Eighth Missouri Regiment of Logan's Corps reaching the railroad bridge at sunrise on the 16th of May. The enemy having evacuated Resaca on the night of the 15th, our advance was made at dawn by General Logan's Corps, and Resaca very shortly entered by the Eighth Missouri, the men dashing through the town toward the bridges. The railroad bridge was destroyed, together with the old wooden bridge just fired by the enemy. The rebels had departed so quickly that they had left a caisson on the bridge, and four guns in a small earth-work near by.—Some of the soldiers went on to the bridge and threw into the water the planks already on fire. Of the towns of which our artist gives sketches he writes as follows:

"Adairsville is a small hamlet on the Dalton and Atlanta Railroad. Woodlands, as the map gives it, is the residence of Mr. Bairdsley, an Englishman who has made some money in this country, and has since the commencement of the war been a purchasing agent for the "Confederate Government."—A slight skirmish took place on the afternoon of 18th directly in front of the house, in which the Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania was killed by the Brigade of Colonel Wilder. This Colonel was a very gallant man, and was only killed because he would not surrender. Kingston, like the railroad towns of the South, has few houses. Since the battle of Chicamauga it has been used as a hospital. The inhabitants having been removed further south, it is now the last station on the railroad, and is likely to be the scene of much activity."

On page 426 we give a topographical Map illustrative of General Sherman's campaign since the capture of Resaca. After that event the army crossed the Oostanaula River in two columns—one column, under Hooker and Schofield, crossing just below Resaca; and the other, under M'Pherson, Thomas, and Butterfield, at New Echota, a little to the left of Resaca. This latter column separated itself into two after crossing the river, Thomas and Butterfield moving on the left, and M'Pherson on the right flank; while in the meantime Hooker and Schofield kept the centre, moving toward Kingston, along the line of the Chattanooga Railroad. The rebel line of defense, stretching along the line of the railroad connecting Rome and Atlanta, north of the Etowah River, not being able to resist this combination, was broken up.—Kingston and Cassville thus came into our possession, though not without some sharp fighting. As a matter of course, Rome was no longer tenable by a rebel force. After resting for a few days and obtaining fresh supplies the Etowah was crossed, and Dallas—in the rear of which Johnston was intrenched—was made the objective of the new lines of approach. Altoona Pass, through which the Western and Atlantic Railroad runs to Atlanta, was taken by our cavalry; and this success, together with the victory of May 28, forced the rebels to adopt a new line of defense covering Marietta, along Lost and Kenesaw mountains. On the night of June 18 this line was partly withdrawn, but still covered the advance to Marietta.

THE REBEL GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

## THE LUMBER-MEN OF MAINE.

There were shouts in the crowded street,
  And a martial music-strain,
And banners waved, and loud drums beat,
As the men of the city came out to greet
  The lumber-men of Maine.

A thousand strong and more
  From the woods and streams came they;
From where the Kennebec's fountains roar,
And the swift Penobscot twists the oar,
  And Passamaquoddy Bay.

Strong knights of the axe and pole,
  Kings of the raft and saw,
In brawny limb and dauntless soul
By the breath of the forest air made whole
  And the use of nature's law.

They marched with a steady tread
  Toward the front of death and pain,
Where the splintered stumps of the trees were red,
And the rivers waited to raft the dead
  Of the lumber-men of Maine.

And a thousand more forsook
  The axe and the setting-pole,
And the forest camp by the swollen brook,
And in squads the vacant places took
  To keep the torn ranks whole.

Dusty and hot and worn
  The regiment came to-day,
With a battle-flag all soiled and torn,
And a dozen footless heroes borne
  Behind on a rumbling dray.

Through the city's double tide
  Slowly they marched again,
With a look of modest, manly pride
That made them tall as they marched beside
  The throng of common men.

But a hundred strong and three
  They came from the battle-plain;
The others will never fell the tree,
Or sing and dance, when the raft floats free,
  With the lumber-men of Maine.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 2, 1864.


## THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

General M'Clellan made a speech at the late dedication of the Battle Monument at West Point, in which he laid down the platform upon which he is to be nominated, if at all, by the Chicago Convention. It is significant as an indication of the present feeling of the shrewder but smaller part of the politicians who are hoping to return to power under the name of Democracy. We say under the name of Democracy for two reasons. In the first place, the unshrinking opponents of the natural rights of man can have no philosophical claim to the name Democrat; and, in the second place, as a party name, it belongs quite as much to Andrew Johnson, Daniel S. Dickinson, Benjamin F. Butler, and thousands more, as to Horatio Seymour, August Belmont, James Brooks, and their friends.

The speech of General M'Clellan shows that the shrewder part of the gentlemen who depend for success upon the name Democracy, understand that the people intend the war to continue until the rebellion is subdued. Unless, therefore, they are utterly outnumbered they will construct a war platform at Chicago, and place General M'Clellan, their only available man, upon it. But they must look for his support to all the disaffected and peace men in the loyal States. The followers of Vallandigham and Fernando Wood must be induced to vote for the candidate. Now, if there be any truth in our political situation clearer than another, it is that the majority of those who since the war began have voted for what is called a Democratic candidate and against a Union candidate, as, for instance, for Mr. Seymour in Connecticut and Mr. Vallandigham in Ohio, would stop the war upon any terms, however humiliating, if they could. If, then, the combination of all the elements of opposition could succeed in electing the Chicago nominee even upon a war platform, his policy as President must be the distinctive policy of all who vote for him. Is it unfair to say that the common ground of that opposition—not the first choice either of the left wing or the right, but the common ground—is negotiation in some form; some arrangement, some adjustment which, as they amusingly assert, will be "honorable" both to the United States and the rebels?

The necessary results of the election of General M'Clellan, therefore, even upon his own platform, are easy to foresee. For who are the men who would come into power with him? They are the Seymours, the Woods, Vallandigham, Long, Cox, and company. They are the men upon whose success at the ballot-box the rebels declare that they count next to their own victories in the field. They are the men in whose ranks are the apologists of the rebellion, and the steady opponents of all the measures proposed for its overthrow; who declare the rebels invincible; who prophesy only woe and ruin to the country from a continued prosecution of the war; who are constantly deploring the lost prosperity of the nation, and deprecating what they call an unnatural and fratricidal strife. They are the men, in a word, among whom are those who supply the material for the malignant correspondence of the English papers, and cheer the rebel heart with the hope of a divided North.

The peace men are not the shrewdest part of the Opposition, but they are the most logical and the most numerous. They do not prefer General M'Clellan as a candidate, they would rather take Vallandigham, or Horatio Seymour. But they will yield to the nomination, knowing that a candidate like M'Clellan will increase the chances of success at the polls; and that if by that means he could be elected they and their policy would succeed to power. Would not the election of Judge Woodward, as Governor of Pennsylvania last year, have been a terrible disaster to the Union cause? Would his policy as President be less disastrous? Yet were not General M'Clellan, and Fernando Wood, and Vallandigham, with all the Copperhead papers, equally, with the leading rebel papers which frankly expressed their hopes of a "Democratic" success, ardent supporters of Judge Woodward?

No sincere Union man can forget these things. No observer of our history for the last three years can suppose that the national integrity or honor are safe in such hands. The Chicago Convention could not be adjourned. For the adjournment would be only a plain confession that the managers see no man in the country who seems to them to have even a remote chance of defeating the Union nominations before the people. It would be a confession of doubt and dismay which they would not dare to make. The Convention will meet, and it must choose between an open "peace" candidate and a war candidate. If it adopts the former, he will never be heard of again. If it takes the latter, it can not avoid General M'Clellan, for whom many of the delegates are instructed. If it nominates him, he will be supported by the "peace" men of every shade. The practical question, then, for every sincere Union man, will be whether he wishes to sit at a feast of which these gentlemen are the hosts?

It is vain to say that General M'Clellan is not a peace man. In a war so vital and tremendous as this, every man must be strongly for it or strongly against it. He must strike the enemy every where and every how. He must comprehend the causes and consequences of the struggle, or he can not adopt a policy which will at once win the victory and secure it. His heart and mind, as well as his hand, must be in it, or the enemy which brings to the contest every force of every kind at his command will inevitably defeat him. This ground he must take, or else insist upon peace upon the best possible terms. These are the only two logical and tenable positions in this war. But to stand between, to qualify and hesitate and doubt, to strike, with a reluctant sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, a foe who is smiting with both hands, to ignore willfully or utterly fail to comprehend the scope of the war, is to invite at once defeat and derision. There is no conceivable contest in which a soldier of the United States could be engaged, in which he would confront a foe so desperate and so disdainful of conciliation as this; and, consequently, there could be no war in which it would be more clearly his imperative duty to weaken that enemy wherever he could touch him, and pursue a policy which would secure permanently the common peace.

It will be for the people of the country to decide, when General M'Clellan shall be nominated, whether his career, his counselors, and the attitude and antecedents of his supporters justify the expectation of overwhelming vigor in the field or heroic sagacity in the Cabinet.

## A POLITICAL EVENT.

The pressure of our own public affairs naturally distracts our minds from more than a cursory observation of the important political events in Europe. Among these events the late speech of Mr. Gladstone must be classed; for it is a plain declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a member of the Government, that the suffrage should be so enlarged as to include a great number of the non-voters in England. But upon the principles which Mr. Gladstone lays down, the movement can hardly stop short of universal suffrage. "What I would state," he says, "is this: every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness, or political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution."

He would avoid sudden changes, but the goal is clear. If that is to be the rallying cry of the Reform party in England it will reform the British Constitution altogether. Mr. Gladstone thinks otherwise. He says that it will only infuse new vigor into what he calls "the young and flourishing British Constitution."

But by that Constitution British political society consists of three recognized classes, and one not recognized. The King, Lords, and Commons are the three recognized classes, and the great body of the population, the poor working class, is the one unrecognized. This last is numerically overwhelmingly the largest, and when you begin to admit one of them to the suffrage, it will be very difficult, under any plea of "political danger," to exclude another who is equally fitted. Then you have practically a government of the people, and the inevitable and proper result will be the peaceful elimination from the system of special privilege. Is Mr. Gladstone the profoundest, or merely the most good-natured, of British statesmen? Does he really foresee the tendency, which Macaulay long ago described, of a struggle between Parliament and the people, and does he skillfully suggest this as the beginning of a policy which shall avoid it; or is he only disagreeably struck with the fact that one man is allowed to vote and his equally competent neighbor is forbidden?

The moderately liberal London journals are evidently surprised, and even startled, by Mr. Gladstone's speech. What security does he offer, they ask, that the class which is numerically strongest will not obtain complete control of the Government? Clearly none, for there is none to offer. But the orator sees, what so many observers see, that the legislation of England is really conducted now with regard to the supposed wishes of the great multitude of non-voters. A year ago, in April, Lord Palmerston sneered, in Parliament, at the idea of asking a change in the British neutrality laws to favor the United States. Six months afterward Lord Russell, at a public meeting in the Provinces, said that such a change would be asked for if the present laws were found inadequate to keep England from a war with the United States. And the reason he gave was, that he believed more than half of the English people were favorable to our Government and its cause. That was reason enough for his Lordship. So at this moment the Queen, out of regard for the memory of her German husband, and of the fact that the future King of Prussia is her daughter's husband, refuses to take the Danish side in the present war. But the heart of the English people is with Denmark; and it remains to be seen whether, under some pretense, the Queen may not vacate the throne.

In truth, as a wise European remarks, monarchy is undermined in Europe. With the general enlightenment of the people, which increases every day, the cumbrous and foolish forms of despotism, however modified, must inevitably disappear. The divinity which doth hedge a king is gone, when you may buy his card photograph for a penny, and see that he is merely a dull gentleman in common clothes. When the consent of England deprived the monarch of the supreme prerogative, it began to strip off the royal robes; and when it is conceded that his Majesty's self is but a ceremony, what becomes of him when all the drapery is removed?

So great was the excitement and even alarm produced by his speech, that Mr. Gladstone has published it as a pamphlet with a preface. Opinions are divided as to the significance of the preface. But as the author says that he publishes his speech as it was delivered, and leaves it to "the discerning consideration of the reader," its meaning remains to us unchanged.

Mr. Gladstone's speech may therefore be properly called a political event. He has hardly the personal qualities that make a popular idol. He is fastidious, elegant, and a scholar. Those are certainly not disadvantageous qualities for any leader. But there must be added to them a personal magnetism, a profound conviction of the heart, and a heroism which the tone of his preface shows that he does not possess. The leader of the future of England must be made of sterner stuff than Mr. Gladstone.

## ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

"If General Lee is defeated," recently said a relative of his, "he will seek death upon the field." That is only natural. Few men in history have made so tragical and unhappy a name. Educated by his country, and sworn to defend her flag, he lingered and lingered until he could make his treachery most effective, and then drew his sword against his country's life and his own honor.

It is no excuse to say that he considered Virginia his sovereign State, and that his State had, in his opinion, the right, under the Constitution, to secede. The plain question for him was: "Can I honorably desert the flag I have sworn to defend, merely because it may lawfully become the flag of freedom and justice?" For even if it were granted that there may be an honest difference of opinion as to the constitutional right of secession, can there be any doubt whatever of the crime of asserting that right by civil war when no oppression is alleged?

It is the fashion among English writers to call Lee a great General. He is credited with all the results wrought in the Virginia campaigns by the skill and rapidity of Stonewall Jackson. But since the death of that General no success, except the repulse at Fredericksburg, has attended Lee's army. During the present campaign he has been steadily outgeneraled by Grant, whom Lee has not ventured to meet in the open field since the Friday in the Wilderness. We do not complain of this. He knows where he is safest, and he does right to stay there. But when the question is raised of the comparative military genius of Grant and Lee it is only necessary to compare the invasion of Pennsylvania last year with the present campaign in Virginia.

Lee is naturally praised in England, for he is the enemy of his own country, which England hates. His success in repelling Grant would be hailed by monarchical and aristocratic Europe as a victory over republican principles and the power of the United States. He is useful to England, as Benedict Arnold was. The newspapers praise him, but every noble man in that country must regard him as they would regard an officer of their own army who should head a revolt because the Government was growing more humane. Robert Edmund Lee will be known in history solely as the military chief of a conspiracy to destroy the freest and best of governments for the purpose of protecting and perpetuating human slavery.

## THE "INAUGURAL PLEDGE."

The assertion that Mr. Lincoln made an "inaugural pledge" not to be a candidate for re-election is simply untrue; and we hope that no man whom the people of the United States think fit to intrust with the Presidency will ever make so foolish a pledge. The only allusions made to the subject in Mr. Lincoln's inaugural are these:

"Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty."

Is this a pledge that, if the people called him, he would not enter upon another constitutional term of four years? Again he said:

"While the people retain their virtue and vigilance no Administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

Is this a pledge of any kind? And yet these are all the passages in the inaugural address which refer to the subject.

## NEWS.

There are certain worthy gentlemen who inform us that General Grant has more enemies than we had supposed. General Lee counts for something in the list; but the true foe with whom the Lieutenant-General is contending is—the President of the United States! It is not Lee or Davis who plot delays and impede the progress of the army in Virginia, but it is Mr. Lincoln, who is resolved that Richmond shall not be taken. General Grant may march and countermarch, may assault and bombard; but it is all to no purpose while the enemy-in-chief takes care to prevent his success. Does the gentle reader ask why the President hinders the Lieutenant-General? Because he fears, reply these worthy people, that he will not be re-elected if Grant takes Richmond or defeats Lee.

So also in Georgia, of course. It is not Joe Johnston who is "drawing Sherman on"—not at all, it is Mr. Lincoln. He has but one purpose, and that is to prolong the war. He wishes to entangle Sherman about Atlanta; so that the struggle may be protracted, and a grateful country, not yet satisfied with the duration and cost of the war, may re-elect him to the Presidency. If Grant should happen to defeat Lee—if Richmond should fall—if Sherman should scatter the army of Johnston, never to be re-united—then the American people, justly indignant with an Administration which had made Grant Lieutenant-General, and had supported Sherman in his too triumphant march, would at once rebuke that Administration by refusing to re-elect it. If the war continues, the delighted people will surely approve the Administration. If it ends, they will repudiate the President in disgust! So maunder these worthy sages; and we hope that nobody is so credulous as to suppose that, in merely echoing the rebel journals in this as in their other views of the war, they really believe what they say.

## UNKNOWN HEROINES.

While the soldiers fight and fall, and their names are hailed and remembered with lasting sorrow and gratitude, let us not forget that there are other heroes whose devotion is not less, and heroines who, forsaking home and friends, and all the bright promise of life, devote themselves silently to the work of helping and educating the unfortunates whom the war has committed to our charity, and who fall unknown and unnamed, except by the few hearts which have followed them with sympathy and admiration.

Miss Mary E. Sheffield, of Norwich, Connecticut, died lately, at Memphis, of disease contracted in her self-sacrificing labors as a teacher of the National Freedman's Relief Association. Her work was performed with unfaltering fidelity among the poorest and most friendless of her fellow-creatures. Her measure of human duty was not the applause of spectators, but the suffering of her brethren, and the true sorrow at her loss is in the hearts of those who have love to give and nothing more.

The war has developed a national character that was not suspected. By fire and steel and terrible contest the young men of the country have been cast into soldiers and heroes. But few know how constant and unreserved are the offers for a service that has no outward glory or even mention from the sisters of those young men all over the land. Wherever the army has opened a path they have walked in it. Angels of mercy, and peace, and en-

lightenment, they follow the advancing lines of bayonets. Their work is little heeded; their names are unrecorded; but there is a Book of Life in which those names are deathless; for these women early heard and obeyed the divine whisper, "Whoso doeth it unto the least of these my little ones, doeth it unto me."

## PRICES AND INVESTMENTS.

FINANCIERS of the Copperhead persuasion are as unreliable as politicians of the same school. Both aim at the same goal by different roads. The one wishes to weaken the Government by crippling our armies, the other by depreciating our funds. The favorite text of the disloyal financiers just now is Prices and the Currency. "Prices," they say, "are not really high; it is the Currency which is low. For a gold dollar you can to-day buy as much as you ever could." They regard gold as the one fixed thing around which every thing else revolves. The truth is, that gold, like every thing else, fluctuates in value in accordance with the law of demand and supply.

Prices are high. Every man who has any thing to buy or sell, no matter whether it be food or clothing, gold or labor, knows this and acts accordingly. That these high prices are caused in part by the increase in the amount of the currency is true. But this is only one cause out of many. No matter what the medium of making exchanges, prices in times of war must always be high. And that for the simple reason that the demand for every product of labor is increased, while the supply is diminished. War draws the farmer from the plow and the mechanic from his tools. It also changes the direction of labor. The shipwright, who formerly built clippers for commerce, now builds Monitors and Ironsides for war. War is also, of necessity, wasteful. An army of a million men must of necessity consume more than the same million would at home. War prices are therefore high prices, by a law just as inevitable as that of the attraction of gravitation.

War prices always have been and always must be high prices. If every dollar of paper currency were destroyed to-morrow, and only specie used in payments, prices would be high. A redundant currency increases this evil, but does not create it. The probability is that the currency of the country has now reached its highest point.

To the general advance in prices there is but one marked exception, and that is the bonds of the Government. They are cheap now, for the simple reason that the exigencies of the war have made them abundant. When the war ends they must be dear, because the supply will be cut off. The man who invests his capital in them now must make a good investment, because they pay a fair interest and are more secure than any thing else can be. The man who has a hundred dollars in Government bonds has really a mortgage to that amount upon every acre of land, every mile of railway, every ship, every house, every article of property, real or personal, in the land. He has, moreover, no trouble to collect the interest. Government does that for him.

It is a great error to suppose that great capitalists alone have an interest in owning Government stock. Every man who has any surplus, however small, should own it. If he owns none he is a debtor to those who do, and his property in every shape is mortgaged for that debt. If he owns this stock he is so far a creditor, and holds a mortgage upon every other man's property. In the long-run these mortgages will cancel each other; and our national debt, so far as it is held by ourselves, will be paid off from the accumulations of past and future years. But the man to whom the nation owes nothing will have to pay his share of the interest and receive nothing; while the man who is a creditor of the nation receives interest as well as pays it.

Government stocks at present prices, or at prices which are at all likely to prevail during the war, are in every way the best investments possible. Every man who wishes to avoid the evils inseparable from high prices should invest a portion of his surplus earnings or capital in Government bonds.

## HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. C. F. HALL has just set out upon a second exploring expedition to the Arctic regions. Only two or three days before his departure he finished the revisal of the proof-sheets of the narrative of his first expedition. The work will be published shortly by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, in one large volume, profusely illustrated. The immediate object of this expedition was to gain information of the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his companions. Mr. HALL sailed from New London, Connecticut, on board a whaling vessel, in May, 1860. He went absolutely alone, provided with the slenderest outfit with which any man ever undertook such an enterprise. He was absent about twenty-eight months, passing two entire winters in the Arctic regions. During a great part of this time he lived with the Esquimaux, adopting their habits and modes of life; he acquired a fair mastery over their language, and established the most friendly relations with them. On his return he was accompanied by EBIERBING and his wife TOOKOOLITO, two remarkably intelligent natives, who go with him in this new expedition. Although the special object of the first expedition was not attained, Mr. HALL practically demonstrated by his own experience that white men, by adopting native modes of life, can exist in the Arctic regions with no more danger to life and health than at home. He found also that the Esquimaux have accurate traditions of the events which have occurred among them for many generations. Many of FRANKLIN's men were in the prime of life, and he assumes that there is a fair probability that some of them may be still alive, even after the lapse of fifteen years; or, at all events, that by search properly directed, authentic information may be gained of their fate; and as they would be likely to have left written accounts of their proceedings, that these may be recovered. He undertakes the present expedition under the auspices of merchants and men of science, by whom he has been provided with every thing necessary for its prosecution. He will proceed at once to the region where FRANKLIN disappeared. He expects to be absent three years. Whether or not he succeeds in accomplishing the immediate object of his expedition, he can not fail of making important additions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions. Even in a purely commercial point of view the enterprise is an important one; for there can be no doubt that the whales, seals, and walruses which abound in the region will furnish products of no inconsiderable value. In every aspect, philanthropic, scientific, and commercial, Mr. HALL's enterprise is deserving of the cordial sympathy and liberal encouragement which it has received.

## A NURSE'S STORY.

IT was at Memphis that I saw one of the most affecting scenes in my whole experience as nurse. Some one came up one day to the hospital and told me that a boat had just come from Vicksburg, loaded with wounded, in a very suffering condition. I had no one of my own sex with me at the time, save a young girl, a daughter of one of the wealthiest and once most prominent men of the vicinity—a secessionist by the way.

This girl—Olive Lancaster—of course I can not give her real name—had left her father's house to nurse wounded Union soldiers, greatly to the disgust of her family, who at once disowned her, not at all, however, to the daunting of the brave girl.

She had been educated in a Northern school, and she told me sometimes of a young Northern cousin, whom she loved very dearly—beyond cousinly limits I fancied—for her cheek took a richer carmine when she talked of him, and her eyelids drooped, as eyelids are not apt to droop for cousins. It was from him more than any other Northern association she had got those sentiments which banished her from her father's house, and made her a tender and efficient nurse of our loyal defenders. I alone knew how fearfully she watched for his face among the wounded who came to us.

She was very beautiful this Olive Lancaster. The circumstances under which I knew her were enough in themselves to make her lovely in my eyes, but she was undeniably beautiful aside from that—a brunette—dark but clear, with a tropically scarlet lip, and faintly flushing cheeks, and the soft darkness of her eyes was like a June evening. She went with me down to the landing, each of us carrying a basket of such necessaries as we knew by experience would be most acceptable. It was a terrible sight. I have seen other terrible sights since, but then I had had no such experience as that, and I thought when my foot first touched that awful deck that I should faint.

These poor wounded soldiers lay as thickly as they could be put, upon the open deck, and the blood from their wounds had literally drenched the whole floor, so that we could not step without putting our feet in pools of it.

Olive did not once falter. Glancing at her sometimes, I saw that her face was very white, but she stepped quietly along among them—and her eyes had a look in them that I thought must of itself be as much almost to those fainting men as the wine and food she put to their pallid lips.

After the first sickening sensation of fright and appalling I was strong enough. One could not be weak at such a time, with such moans in our ears, such awful need lifting hollow hungry eyes at us. Some had fainted from exposure, privation, and loss of blood; others were so near fainting, that it was long before they could be sufficiently revived to be removed in the litters which were waiting to take them to the hospital. Some were quite dead—for lack, perhaps, of those very offices we were rendering to their surviving comrades. Some—the heroes—refused the succoring draught till a weaker brother had tasted it; and others, delirious, babbled of home, sweet-heart, or wife, "Joney," or "little Joe."

There was one among the last that I bent over, and toward whose handsome, boyish-looking face I had glanced more than once as I moved along the line. It was such a young face—handsome as a girl's, and with a patient sweetness about the mouth that touched me exceedingly. His eyes were closed, and he lay so still, so without sound or movement, that I could not tell whether he were dead or only fainting.

But he was neither, for when I touched him, speaking, he opened his eyes and looked at me, and smiled as I offered him wine. Such a smile! I have never in my life seen any thing like it; and the lustre of those eyes—the expressiveness that was in them, and that I can no more paint to you than I can the awful reality of the tragic scene about me. I looked at him in amazement, thinking he was either delirious or unhurt; but he was not the first, and his whole right side was oozing scarlet.

"You haven't got much of that left, and the others need it more than I do," he said, with a gesture of his well hand toward my wine bottle; and then, as I hesitated an instant, "I've got something better than wine. Let me alone, please, and come back when you've attended to the rest of those poor fellows." I passed on, wondering, and got back to him as soon as possible, vaguely uneasy.

Olive was only a few steps away, coming toward us, as I knelt beside him, and his glance tried to reach her; he could not move his head, and his face was turned from her. "Is it Olive?" he asked, eagerly. In an instant it flashed over me who he was—even before Olive, with a low cry, had dropped beside him, and was covering his face with her kisses and her tears.

"I knew you were there," he said; "I heard your voice, and it was better than a whole bottle of wine to me."

"You knew I was here, and yet waited without calling to me?" Olive said, reproachfully.

"You couldn't have come to me without leaving others, you know," he said, gently.

The girl's only answer was a kiss and a sob; and then she said to me,

"It is my cousin Philip."

"Of course it is, Olive," I said, "and it is time he was removed to the hospital."

She got up then, blushing deeply as she saw the men waiting with a litter—waiting with a respectful, sympathetic look, that spoke plainly enough their appreciation of the scene.

Poor Philip was so badly wounded that it hurt him terribly when they lifted him. But though his lips whitened, and drops forced out by agony stood on his forehead, he made no moan.

Olive several times cried out sharply as though they had hurt *her*, and wrung her hands at the pain it was to him.

He lived, but it was with the loss of his right arm; and just before I left Memphis I was present at a ceremony in which my sweet and brave Olive exchanged the name of cousin for that of wife. I left them both there, both nurses, since Philip could no longer fight.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 15. The bill repealing all acts for the return of fugitive slaves was received from the House, and, after some discussion, referred to the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen, from which committee Mr. Sumner immediately reported it favorably.—A report was made from the Judiciary Committee in reference to the right of Generals Schenck and Blair to hold seats in the present Congress. They considered that, while the title of General Blair to a seat is doubtful, that of General Schenck is not, he having resigned his commission in the army before the assembling of Congress, which General Blair did not.—The bills for the disposal of coal-lands and town property in the public domain and granting lands to Wisconsin to build military roads were passed.——*June* 16. The House bills repealing certain provisions of law concerning seamen on board of public and private vessels of the United States, and requiring the prepayment of duties on imported salt before the allowance of bounties to fishing-vessels is made, were passed.—The remainder of the session was occupied in considering the House bill to increase the duties on imports and for other purposes.——*June* 17. The day session was spent in the consideration of the Tariff bill. In the evening, the amendments made in Committee of the Whole were agreed to, and the bill reported to the Senate and passed.——*June* 18. Mr. Harlan reported the Northern Pacific Railroad bill, with amendments, one of which provides that not more than ten sections of land per mile shall be granted for that part of the line east of the western boundary of Minnesota, until the whole line is finished and in running order; and that no railroad already constructed, in whole or part, shall receive the benefit of the act.——*June* 20. A message from the President was received communicating letters and papers relative to Mexican affairs.—The bill to prohibit the discharge from military service by reason of the payment of a commutation came up, and Mr. Wilson's amendment, that every person who shall be drafted, and who shall serve honorably for the period of one year, shall receive a bounty of $100, to be paid upon his discharge from the service, and every person so drafted, who shall be honorably discharged after a term of service less than one year, shall receive a bounty proportioned to his term of service, to be estimated at the rate herein prescribed for one year's service, was passed.——*June* 21. The International Telegraph bill was passed as amended. It grants the right of way, the assistance of the army and navy while building, and 40 acres of land for each station.

HOUSE.—*June* 15. The entire day session was taken up with the consideration of the Senate joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing and forever prohibiting slavery throughout the country. After a long debate, participated in by various members, the question was put on its decision, when ninety-four voted for the resolution and sixty-five against it. It thus fell eleven yeas short of the two-thirds necessary for its adoption. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, subsequently gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote.—In the evening session the House concurred in the conference committee's report on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill.—Mr. Knox, of Missouri, was qualified and took the seat recently occupied by General Blair.——*June* 16. The resolution authorizing the Postmaster-General to extend for one year the present contract with the Overland Mail Company was passed. The Internal Revenue Bill was taken up, and many of the Senate amendments concurred in. The amendment striking out the tax on whisky on hand was adopted by a vote of 72 to 62.——*June* 17. Several bills concerning the District of Columbia were passed. No public bills were considered.——*June* 18. A bill was passed chartering another street railroad in the District of Columbia, from which no person shall be excluded on account of color. The bill giving assimilated rank to warrant officers of the navy was also passed. The joint resolution giving relief to Captain Ericsson, by taking the contract for the new iron-clad *Puritan* off his hands, was passed after a long discussion.—The House took up and passed the joint resolution that the President be authorized to give notice to the Government of Great Britain that it is the wish and intention of the Government of the United States to terminate the treaty arrangements of 1817 in respect to naval force on the lakes at the end of six months.——*June* 20. Some amendments were passed to the Civil Appropriation bill, having especial reference to coast surveys.——*June* 21. Several bills were passed granting relief to individuals. Mr. Schenck's bill relative to the draft, proposing that the commutation clause should be stricken out of the Enrollment Act, was rejected—100 to 50.

### GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

After the battle of Friday, June 3, in which it was decided that Richmond could no longer be approached with advantage from the north, preparations were made to transfer the entire army to the south side of the James River. The movement was commenced Sunday night, the 12th, and was completed by Wednesday morning—a distance of fifty-five miles having been traversed by four of the army corps during that time. The Eighteenth Corps proceeded by water to Bermuda Hundred, reversing the route which it took a few days before to reinforce Grant's army. The remaining corps crossed the Chickahominy at James Bridge and Long Bridge. These points are below Bottom's Bridge, the latter being the extreme right of the enemy's lines at the time of crossing. From rebel journals it appears that Grant was not expected to cross the James but only to reach Malvern Hill, or some other point, the possession of which would flank the rebel right. Wright and Burnside crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, six miles below Bottom's, Hancock and Warren crossing five or six miles farther down at Jones's Bridge. The army crossed the James in the neighborhood of City Point, Wright and Burnside just above, Warren and Hancock ten miles below at Fort Powhatan.

#### THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES.

Our artist has contributed a sketch on page 429 of the pontoon bridge over the James, across which our army was in steady motion from Wednesday morning till Friday.

Says the *Times* correspondent: "As we approach the pontoon bridge we see distinctly the huge bodies of infantry, cavalry, horses, artillery, and wagons moving across the pontoon. They extend across the entire length of the bridge, and can be seen winding along from far away up the east bank of the James, enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, while on the western bank is a part of the great body which has already effected its crossing. The army has been steadily marching for fifty hours. A brigade of infantry with possibly a thousand cavalry horses and a battery of artillery has just gotten over, and at this moment not more than twenty men are marching in units or couples across the bridge. Now comes a man leading a horse; now a cannon; now a dozen teamsters; now a battalion of negro soldiers. But a heavy body of troops of all arms is passing out of the woods filing on to the bridge, and besides the column of infantry there are immense numbers of horses, long trains of wagons, numberless pieces of artillery and caissons.

"Now another body can be seen emerging from the woods on the river bank, and passing on to the pontoons—a long procession of beef cattle. They are in little detachments of four, five, or half a dozen each, every detachment preceded and followed by two or more negro soldiers. Meridian is an hour gone, and about a mile up the river a heavy volume of dust is sweeping southward. Forward marches the long, long line of cattle. All the afternoon they advance and pour over the river. The movement is slow. I am told that in this whole mass there are but 2500 head, or some six days' supply for the Army of the Potomac."

Below the bridge may be seen a fleet of transports which have been accumulating, waiting for the bridge to be removed before they can pass up to City Point, the new base of supplies. It should be mentioned here that Warren's Corps protected the crossing of the trains.

Our artist has also contributed (on page 429) a sketch of Fort Powhatan, which was just below the pontoon bridge over which Warren and Hancock crossed.

#### THE ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

Smith's corps arriving at its destination earlier than the others marched directly on Petersburg. Just one week before, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to take possession of that city by Kautz and Gillmore. On that occasion Kautz had succeeded in carrying the outer lines about the city, but not being supported by Gillmore he retired. The enemy was now better prepared to resist attack.

The forward march from Bermuda Hundred was ordered for 2 o'clock A.M., while some of the transports were yet coming up the James. The Appomattox River, where it empties into the James, separates Bermuda Hundred on its left (or north) bank from City Point on its right; the course of the river is such that it covers the northern front of Petersburg. As the approach was to be made from the east, the Appomattox was crossed by means of a bridge of boats. After crossing, the corps separated into four columns, pursuing different roads: Martindale taking the right or river road, Brooks the City Point road, Hinks's colored division the Jordan Point road, while Kautz, with his cavalry, made a detour away to the left on the Prince George road. Between five and six o'clock, when these columns were within five miles of Petersburg, they came upon some of the enemy's rifle-pits, which were gallantly assaulted and taken by the negro troops. At noon, Smith's corps was within two miles of the city; here it halted, waiting for Kautz. After waiting till evening, and Kautz not arriving, an assault was made on the batteries covering the approaches to Petersburg on the northeast, and supported by a portion of Wise's brigade. The position was carried, a whole regiment, the Thirty-eighth Virginia, and sixteen pieces of artillery, were captured. A portion of the guns were turned against the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Petersburg.

After this success, Smith was reinforced by Hancock, who took the command, placing his corp further to the south and left of the Eighteenth. The next day, Thursday, other positions were carried; and in the afternoon Burnside's Corps came up, moving to the left of the Second. The latter was commanded by Birney, Hancock, suffering from his old wounds, not being able to take the field.

In the mean time it was discovered by General Butler, on Thursday morning, that Beauregard had evacuated the intrenchments in front of Bermuda Hundred. Beauregard, in his haste to assist in the defense of Petersburg, had left before Longstreet, who was to take his place, had come up. Butler took the opportunity thus offered him to destroy a portion of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad.

Thursday night our forces held the heights south of Petersburg, while the enemy was posted on opposite elevations; the city itself being exposed to our artillery. At six o'clock an attack was made by the Eighteenth, Second, and Ninth Corps, and a line of the rebel rifle-pits was carried. The next morning the assault was repeated, when Burnside carried two more redoubts, capturing four guns and four hundred and fifty prisoners. During the day Warren's Corps reached Burnside's left, and Wright's took the place of Smith's, the latter returning to Bermuda Hundred. In the afternoon Ledlie's Division of Burnside's Corps gained an advanced position which forced the rebels to retire to an inner line. The rebel line stretched between us and the city in the form of a semicircle, both flanks resting on the Appomattox. During the night the enemy made an attack and recovered an earth-work which Burnside had wrested from him in the morning. On Saturday three attacks were made, and the flanks of our army were pushed up close to the rebel works, the centre remaining nearly the same.

#### OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH.

Sheridan crossed the Pamunkey on the 7th, and moved eastward, in the direction of the Gordonsville Railroad, intending to strike a point south of Gordonsville, and then march through Mechanicsville, cut the Gordonsville and Charlottesville Railroad, and move on Charlottesville. In pursuance of this plan he arrived at Buck Childs, three miles northeast of Trevilan Station, on the Gordonsville Road, on the 10th. Here he found the enemy's cavalry in his front. An obstinate contest followed the next day, in which the enemy was driven back by Gregg and Torbert from his breast-works to the Station, where he was attacked in the rear by Custer and completely routed, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands, besides five hundred prisoners, including twenty officers. The next day, the 12th, the railroad was destroyed from the Station to Loraine Court House. Sheridan then advanced against Gordonsville, but finding the enemy too strongly posted there he withdrew his command across the North Anna. His loss during the expedition was about 575, of whom 490 were wounded.

In the mean time Hunter, after taking Staunton and effecting a junction with Crook's and Averill's commands, proceeded against Lynchburg. Our news of this movement comes through rebel sources. The various commands marching from Staunton by two roads, formed a junction several miles northeast of Lexington, which town they captured on the 11th. Lynchburg was only forty miles distant, and on the 13th our forces had invested it on the north, south, and west. Averill had also cut the Lynchburg and Charlottesville Railroad at Tye River Bridge, 24 miles from Lynchburg. The bridge was burned.

#### GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Sherman's line has not been materially altered since our last week's report. The Confederate works on the Kenesaw have been hardly pressed, and Thomas has gained ground. In an engagement on the 14th the rebel General Polk was killed; Sturgis, after his defeat at Guntown, was relieved of his command, and A. J. Smith was dispatched by General Sherman to operate against the rebel cavalry in the rear of the latter.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

General Foster informs the War Department that he is in receipt of a dispatch from the rebel commander at Charleston, stating that five Union General officers, prisoners of war, have been placed in those portions of Charleston subject to our fire. General Foster asks and has received permission to have an equal number of rebel General officers exposed to similar perils from the enemy's fire.

The ship *Rockingham*, from Callao for Queenstown, was burned by the pirate *Alabama*, on the 23d of April, in latitude 15° south, longitude 33° west.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

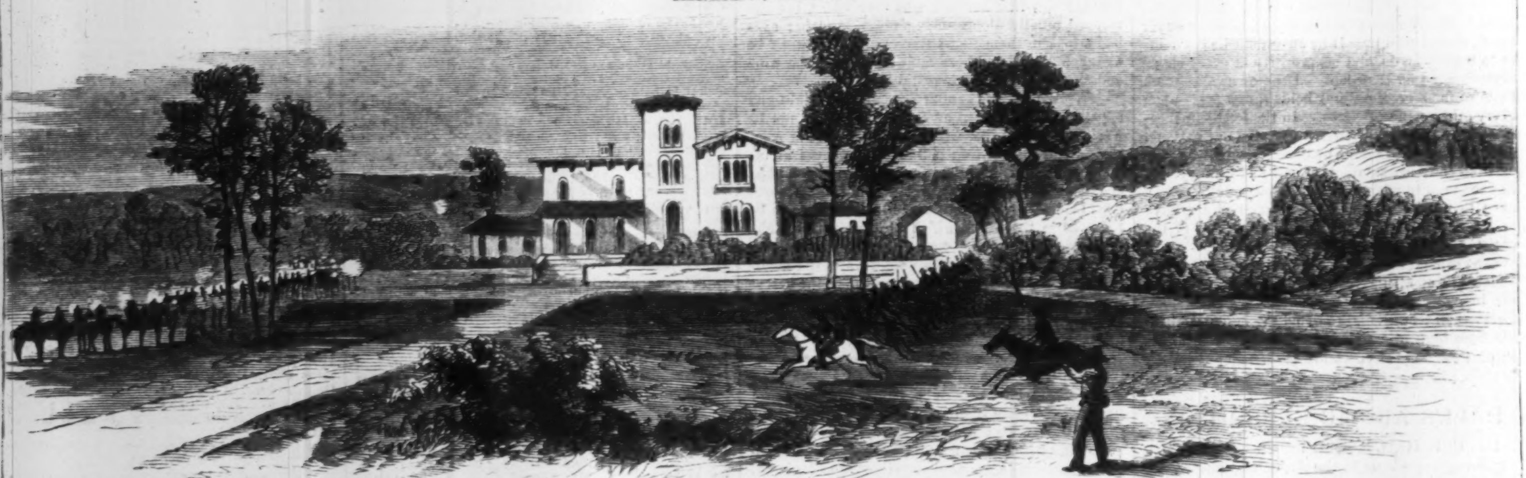
THE Dano-German Conference held at London was to be extended to the 26th. Denmark refuses absolutely to treat on the Schleswig line.

In a debate in the House of Commons on Federal recruiting in Ireland, strong remonstrances were made against it by Earl Russell, who has several times complained of the non-attention of the Washington authorities to the representations made by Lord Lyons on that subject.

RAILROAD DEPOT AT RESACA, GEORGIA.

ADAIRSVILLE, GEORGIA.

KINGSTON, GEORGIA.

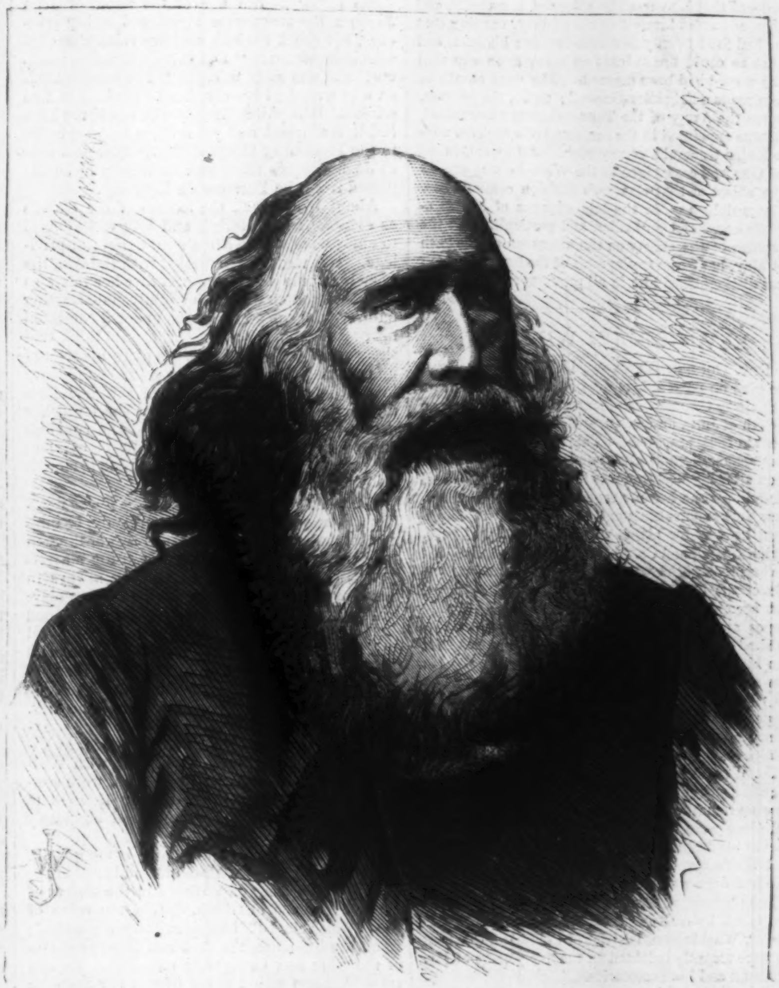


WOODLANDS, GEORGIA.

BURNING THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT RESACA.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

"FIGHTING JOHNNY LOGAN."—[Photographed by A. S. Morse, Huntsville, Alabama.]



THE LATE REV. GORDON WINSLOW.—[Photographed by Gardner, Washington, D. C.]

## MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

General Logan, whose portrait we give on this page, was originally known to the public as a member of Congress from Illinois, and in that capacity was intimately associated with the Douglas school of politicians. When secession was first threatened, Logan said that "the men of the Northwest in that case would with their swords cleave their way down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico." It happened to be Mr. Logan's privilege not only to witness but to participate in the execution of this threat. He resigned his seat in Congress at the outbreak of the war, and having raised the Thirty-first Illinois Regiment, became its Colonel. He behaved with great gallantry at Donelson, where he was quite severely wounded in the thigh, but yet retained his post on the field; on the surgeon's urging him to leave the field, he simply

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—GENERAL HOOKER'S ESCORT CHARGING THROUGH THE WOODS.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

ordered that his wound be attended to secretly, and then addressed himself again to duty, arguing that he had fired twenty-two rounds since his hurt, and that he could fire at least as many more now that the wound had been dressed. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General; and in the autumn, when the Army of the Tennessee was reorganized, he was appointed to the command of a division with a Major-General's commission. Afterward, in all of GRANT's campaigns in the West, he was one of the ablest of that General's division commanders. General LOGAN, in the late advance of M'PHERSON's command on Dallas, and particularly in the repulse of the enemy on the afternoon of the 28th of May, has given fresh proofs of the heroism which has distinguished him in all previous campaigns.

## REV. GORDON WINSLOW.

REV. GORDON WINSLOW, D.D., whose portrait we give on page 421, and who fell overboard from a Sanitary Commission steamer on the Potomac, on the 7th of June, and was drowned, was born in Vermont in 1804, prepared for Yale College at Andover, Massachusetts, and graduated at that institution. Soon after his attention was drawn to the Episcopal Church, and he became rector of a church in Troy, New York, and subsequently in Annapolis. Afterward he was for many years rector of St. Paul's, Staten Island, and Chaplain of the Quarantine. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Chaplain of the Fifth New York (WARREN's) Zouaves, and accompanied that regiment in all its trying scenes and hard-fought battles. He was distinguished for his bravery, and his services gained for him high credit and renown among the army. He also served on the Sanitary Commission, and when his regiment returned last year he was appointed Inspector of the Army of the Potomac. His efficiency and valuable services will not soon be forgotten.

Dr. WINSLOW possessed a fine social nature, full of good heart and noble soul. His traits of character were remarkably well blended. All his motives and plans were of a high and noble cast. At the time of his death he was accompanying his son, Colonel WINSLOW, of the Fifth New York Zouaves, who had been wounded, to Washington.

The photograph from which our portrait is made was taken by GARDNER, corner of Seventh and D streets, Washington, District of Columbia, to whom we were recently indebted for the fine picture of Mr. LINCOLN and his Secretaries.

## THE ESCAPED SLAVE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

SURELY not the least interesting of the varied war-pictures which we present to our readers this week will be two sketches on page 428—one, the picture of a negro slave, who fled from Montgomery, Alabama, to Chattanooga, for the express purpose of enlisting in the army of the Union; the other, a picture of this same negro, endowed for the first time with his birth-right of freedom, and allowed the privilege dearer to him than any other—that of fighting for the nation which is hereafter pledged to protect him and his. Are these not affecting pictures which are here presented to us? On the one side, the poor fugitive oppressed with the weariness of two hundred long miles of dusty travel, a journey interrupted by a thousand necessary precautions, and harassed by timid suggestions of a fate more horrible than death if he is discovered; with his meagre covering of rags about him: and on the other side, the soldier crowned with freedom and honor. Can we not at length have faith in that heroism which has been so gloriously illustrated at Wagner and Olustee and Petersburg, and which, in the face of the Fort Pillow massacre, yet offers itself afresh in the person of a poor fugitive, who, from the heart of the enemy's country, gives himself, at the risk of death or of a torture worse than death, to a cause simply because it is inevitably associated with the problem of his freedom?

# QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

PEACE.

LILY's life in the Marais was, for six months, peaceable, and uneventful, and happy. One day was like another, but all the days were quiet and cheerful, and they passed swiftly by. Lily rose at eight, and took Madame de Kergolay her coffee and milk in her bedchamber. Lily read to her, over her own breakfast, the news from the only journal which was permitted to penetrate into the establishment: the Legitimist *Gazette de France*. Madame de Kergolay was no very violent politician, but her convictions were firm. The iron had long since been forged into steel. She spoke of Napoleon as "the too celebrated M. de Bonaparte." Whenever she alluded to Robespierre it was with a shudder, but without invective. She called him "that miserable man." Louis the Sixteenth was to her always "the martyr king." Marie Antoinette, Madame was not very enthusiastic about—her career, she observed, was "equivocally tenebrous," but she regarded the Duc de Berri as the victim of perfidy, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême as a saint. The house of Orleans, then regnant in France, she named with sorrow but without asperity, as "the ingrates of the cadet branch." She seemed (with one exception) to bear no malice toward any of the deplorably famous characters of the revolutionary epoch. As Talleyrand did, she always spoke of the philosopher of Ferney as "Monsieur de Voltaire." She gave Mirabeau his title of count, and admitted the eloquence of Camille Desmoulines and the patriotism of Madame Roland. But if ever the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau were mentioned in her presence, her cheek flushed, and her voice trembled with indignation. "The vulture in dove's feathers!" she was wont to cry. "The sentimentalist who wreathed his murderous poniard in fine phrases. The philanthropist who would not have children whipped, and yet sent his helpless babes to the Foundling Hospital!" And for poor crazy Jean Jacques there was no charity to be expected from the Baronne de Kergolay.

About ten o'clock the lecture of the *Gazette de France* was concluded, and Lily was allowed to enjoy what was to her a most delightful privilege. She went out to market with Babette, the homely femme de charge. At first her relations with this woman were of a slightly embarrassing nature. Babette seemed to be under a continual nervous apprehension lest Lily should think that she was jealous of her, but the girl's gentle and unassuming nature gradually gained confidence in the housekeeper's mind, and before a fortnight was over she told Lily that she loved her next to Madame de Kergolay. The convict's wife was zealously but unaffectedly pious; and she never went to market without going to church for a few minutes.

When Lily returned from market it was nearly noon, and the déjeûner à la fourchette, or midday breakfast, was served. Until two or three in the afternoon she worked at some of the marvelous tasks of embroidery which were always in hand, or else she read to Madame de Kergolay. Novels were not entirely banished from the good dame's intellectual course. The feuilleton novel was, it need not be said, proscribed; the wild productions of the romantic school were likewise inadmissible; and the baronne had probably never heard of George Sand or of Paul de Kock. But the genteel fictions of M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt, and the decorous numbers of M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, in French, with Walter Scott and Miss Porter in English, were considered worthy of entry, and were listened to with complacency by Madame, and absolutely devoured by Lily.

After this, if the day were fine, came a walk. In her youth, perhaps, Madame had heard of the unholy kidnapping expeditions in the streets of Paris, by means of which, during the reign of the "well-beloved" and peculiarly abominable Louis the Fifteenth, the flesh and blood preserves of the Parc aux Cerfs were recruited. At any rate, Madame would never permit her protégée to go out alone. For seven years, confined by a painful and hopeless malady to her bed and her invalid chair, she had never left her third floor in the Marais; but she recognized the necessity for regular exercise in Lily's case. Sometimes Babette was deputed to accompany her in a two-hours' walk on the quays or in the Champs Elysées. Sometimes Vieux Sablons was commanded to escort her; but there were drawbacks to the advantages accruing from the protection of this faithful domestic. Vieux Sablons was a slave to the exigencies of style. Although with great difficulty he had been dissuaded from wearing, whenever he took his walks abroad, the silver-fringed cocked-hat which had been specially made for him when the emigrants returned in triumph with the allied troops in 1814, he insisted on carrying a portentous cane, with a gilt copper knob and two pendent acorns, and in tapping this staff on the ground from time to time as he walked, somewhat after the manner of the beadle at St. Germain des Prés during an ecclesiastical procession. The consequence was, that the gamins, or little blackguard boys of Paris, who are assuredly not to be beaten for impudence and cruel acumen by the youths of any other capital in Europe, were accustomed to laugh at Vieux Sablons, to call him "Marquis de Carabas," "Micromegas," "Voltigeur de Louis Quatorze," and the like, and to follow him, hooting and jeering, and occasionally casting mud and stones at him after the unhappily too frequent fashion of democratic and ill-trained juvenility. And these proceedings, naturally leading to "explications" between Vieux Sablons and the blackguard boys, in which the bamboo stick took somewhat too vivacious a part, a tumult was more than once the result, when Vieux Sablons had unpleasant altercations with the sergents de ville, not devoid of reference to a visit to the nearest post or guard-house. Vieux Sablons experienced infinite pride and pleasure in escorting the "little m'amselle," as he called Lily—she was always to be little—but his style stood in his way, and the baroness would rarely suffer him to confront the perils of the little blackguards' satire.

At all events, Lily contrived to get a good bracing walk almost every fine day. At least twice a week Madame Prudence would look in to pay her respects to the baroness, and then it was she who would officiate as Lily's chaperon. Often, too, the Abbé Chatain would come, but ecclesiastical etiquette forbade that worthy man to be seen in the street with a young lady. Once, when Babette and Lily were walking in the garden of the Luxembourg, they came upon the abbé, who was sitting on a bench reading his breviary. He rose in haste as they approached, and, blushing scarlet, walked away. He pettishly warned Babette, the next time he came to the Marais, against "compromising" him. Poor Abbé Chatain! He, too, was a slave to style.

Once, also, when Lily and Madame Prudence had ventured beyond the Triumphal Arch at the top of the Champs Elysées, and were wandering through the then ill-tended thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, they came upon the entire Pension Marcassin undergoing the dolorous relaxation of the "promenade." The girls were all rigidly watched by governesses and sub-governesses, and bad marks were plenteously distributed for such offenses as not keeping step, or turning the head over the shoulder to gaze at a quack's platform, or a Punch's show; while, for a wonder, at the head of the procession marched the terrible Mademoiselle—the Marcassin herself.

She eyed her former pupil and victim narrowly, and with an evil countenance, as, trembling in every limb, and feeling herself turn white and red by turns, Lily passed. The Marcassin had got well rid of the unprofitable scholar; she had a hold upon her, in case her friends should ever come forward; and yet she experienced a kind of cold rage at the thought that the girl had slipped through her fingers. It was so easy to punish the pupil who had no friends. It was so facile to torment the child who dared not complain. The Marcassin was vexed that, in a moment of weakness, she had permitted the abbé to take away the little English girl. Indeed, she was angry with the abbé altogether. He did not come so frequently as he used to come. He spent most of his leisure time in the Marais. He cared no more for tric-trac. He sounded the praises of the Baronne de Kergolay too often and too warmly. As for Lily, he spoke of her goodness, her meekness, her docility, in a manner which, according to Mademoiselle Marcassin, was perfectly sickening. "Ce bonhomme d'abbé radote—he maunders," quoth the strong-minded schoolmistress. "I must seek out another director for the Pension Marcassin."

However, she knew that she had lost her prey, and was content to glower at the girl as she saw her, happy and prosperous, and with the glow of health upon her cheek. The governesses, taking the cue from the Marçassin, surveyed Lily and her companion with supercilious sneers, but their private comments failed to harmonize with the public recognition they had bestowed on the ex-pupil.

"She has been adopted by a duchess," one whispered.

"A duchess; bah! by a poverty-stricken old emigrant baroness out of the Vendée, rather. A pensioner on the ancient civil list, probably. My father was out in the Bocage. He was a Bleu. He knew all ces gens-là, and had four Kergolays shot in one day."

"It is no matter. La petite looks very well. She is not amiss, la petite."

"She was always an affectionate and obedient little thing, and it went to one's heart to have to punish her when she had committed no misdeeds, merely because such were the orders of superior authority."

"Well, she is out of the lion's den.—*Will* you walk straight, Tavernier l'Ainée, and refrain from using your fingers as castanets, or shall I report you, for the fifth time during the existing promenade, to Mademoiselle Espréménil, for ultimate reprimand and correction by Madame?"

The misdeeds of Mademoiselle Tavernier, the elder, who was a very muscular young Christian indeed, and always scandalizing the proprietors of the pensionnat by ill-repressed acrobatic feats, drove Lily out of the minds of the governesses, and half a minute after the scholastic cortége had passed by, she was forgotten by all save the Marcassin. But the Marcassin remembered her very well.

Madame Prudence had not beheld this little scene unmoved. She had, it will be remembered, an old feud with the schoolmistress; and, deliberately spitting on the ground, with certain solemn expressions of disparagement and defiance, she drew Lily's arm under hers, and walked on at a quick pace.

Lily did not fail to tell Madame de Kergolay, when they reached home, of her little adventure. The baroness deemed it her duty gently to chide the priest's housekeeper for her intemperance of language toward Mademoiselle Marcassin, but added the expression of a hope that she had not heard it.

"With a thousand reverences toward yourself, Madame la Baronne, and begging pardon for having spoken in the language of the people to which I belong, and against the canons of Christian charity which have been taught me by M. l'Abbé Chatain, I most sincerely wish that Mademoiselle Marcassin did hear what I said. Too long she tormented at her ease this dear innocent child; and the stories which the abbé has told me of her cruelty and tyranny have made me, time after time, burn over with the desire of tearing her wicked old eyes out."

"That would be very wrong indeed, Madame Prudence"—it was the baroness who spoke. "We should forgive all our enemies, even as we hope to be forgiven."

"I humbly ask pardon," replied Madame Prudence with a low courtesy; "and I will pray for Mademoiselle Bluebeards this very night; but I should like to pass a little quarter of an hour with her nevertheless."

"And I am sure," interposed Lily, "that I forgive her. It was nothing, perhaps, but temper."

"It was nothing, perhaps, but choux-fleurs à la sauce," Madame Prudence said afterward, in good-humored banter (but not in the baroness's presence), to Lily. "My poor little angel heart, I tell you that woman was made of marble. Marble! Lava of a volcano rather. Some years ago it may have been boiling and red-hot, and now it is turned into stone."

The dinner-hour on the third floor in the Marais was invariably six o'clock. The bill of fare was always simple; but the style, on which Vieux Sablons so prided himself, was never lacking. Twice a week the baroness fasted. She did not expect Lily to do the same, and even endeavored to dissuade her from following her example; but the girl thought in her simple heart that it would be selfish not to abstain from meat, as her friends did upon meagre days; and besides she thought the sorrel soup, the fish, the vegetables, and omelets which Babette served up on non-flesh days, very nice and succulent. On Sundays and feasts they had generally some little extra delicacy—a charlotte aux pommes, or a turkey stuffed with chestnuts.

After dinner came, on visiting evenings—that is to say, when Madame "received" on Tuesdays and Thursdays—a few very old gentlemen and a few very old ladies. They all seemed to have been shipwrecked, to have been knocked to pieces like the porcelain dessert services, and put together again. The Vidame de Barsac was seventy. He earned his living now as a teacher of English, a language he had acquired during the emigration. The Count de Panarion had been a mousquetaire gris. He was glad enough now to do hack-work for a bookseller in the Rue St. Jacques. Monsieur de Fontanges had been a Knight of Malta. How he managed to earn a crust of bread now was not precisely known. It was a delicate subject, and not much talked about. Madame Prudence, indeed, once hinted to Lily that the "poor dear man," as she called him, had been compelled to accept a post in the orchestra of a theatre, and played second fiddle at the Odéon for a hundred francs a month.

The ladies were as antique and as dilapidated as the gentlemen. They were marchionesses, countesses, or plain mesdames, but all of noble birth; one, Mademoiselle de Casteaunac, was a sentimental old maid, who had been a beauty. They were all miserably poor, hiding their heads in cheap boarding-houses, or cheaper garrets, or pining on the miserable pensions on the civil list, allocated by the government for the support of the decayed Bourbon aristocracy, and the sparse funds of which were supplemented every year by a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The sentimental old maid had but one aspiration. She had an income amounting to the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds a year. If she could only manage to raise it to forty (a thousand francs) they would receive her as a nun in one of the gloomiest and rigidest convents of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was not a bright prospect, but poor Sister Anne gazed at it wistfully from the tower of her spinsterhood. To be allowed to have your hair cut off, and to wear black serge and a veil; to be permitted to sleep on the boards, and scarify yourself with a horse-hair vest, get up in the middle of the night to repeat the lamentations of Jeremiah, and subsist chiefly on stale bread and black radishes, and scourge yourself twice a week! Well, there are ambitions of various kinds, and Mademoiselle de Casteaunac's ambition extended no further than this. But she was deficient in her budget just fifteen pounds per annum, and her long-coveted bliss was unattainable. It is a practical age, indeed, when maceration costs money, and the treasurer of the vestal virgins expects a novice to come prepared with a compact sum in the Three per Cents.

These poor old people came and paid a feeble, fluttering court to Madame de Kergolay. She had lent—that is to say given—most of them money; the name she bore was honored and famous, and they accorded her a sincere and awful homage. Of all the victims of the dreadful revolution none had suffered more deeply than the Baronne de Kergolay. She was almost a martyr. She had sat upon the steps of the scaffold. She had been in the tumbril. Her hair had fallen beneath Sanson's shears. Her husband, her father, her dearest friends and kinsmen, had been drowned in Robespierre's red sea. She said once, in sad playfulness, that she felt almost as though she had been decapitated, and her head had been sewn on again.

The entertainments in the Marais were not costly. Vieux Sablons, in connection with the yellow wax-candles in the silver sconces, provided all that was requisite in the way of style. For the rest, there was a little weak tea. The guests brought their own snuff, and what more could they want? They paid their little compliments, vented their meek complaints against the ungrateful government of the cadet branch, buzzed about their small scandals, and sometimes indulged in raillery, or drifted into dispute. Now and then a game at tric-trac or Boston was made up; and at ten o'clock all took their leave, and the establishment on the third floor went to bed.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

A SCAPE-GRACE.

SAID Vieux Sablons to Lily Floris, one morning—it was in the sixth month of her residence in the Marais:

"Little m'amselle, to-day there is 'bombance.'"

"I don't quite understand you, Vieux Sablons. Bombance! What is that?"

"True, I am an animal. Madame would pull my ears for talking to you in so rude a manner. Madame always speaks classically, and expects her domestics to observe good style in their language. I mean, that to-day there is a festival, a holiday, a gala."

"And why, Vieux Sablons? It is not a fête-day of your Church."

"Little puritan m'amselle! What do you know about our feasts or our fasts either? Though, for the matter of that, you insist upon making meagre whenever Madame does. But to-day is a secular holiday. The Scape-grace is coming."

"The Scape-grace! Who may he be?"

"Ah! you will find out soon enough. The scamp—the brigand—the ne'er-do-well—the good-for-nothing."

Lily turned hot and faint. Who was coming? She recalled the horrible story of Babette's husband. Was the convict expected?

"There!" exclaimed Vieux Sablons, good-humoredly, as he observed the girl's agitation; "I am a brute, a buffalo, a rhinoceros, to terrify you so, little m'amselle. One would think I was announcing the advent of Le petit homme Rouge—the little Red Man who was wont to appear to Bonaparte. It is only M. Edgar Grey-

faunt, Madame's graceless grand-nephew, who is coming."

"A-a-h!" murmured Lily; and it was a long-drawn "a-a-h."

"Don't be frightened. He will treat you as a child. Monsieur can only spare time for the grand dames of the Faubourg St. Germain. Monsieur even disdains to break the hearts of the grisettes in the Latin Quarter. Oh, Monsieur is very tenacious of his nobility."

"He is noble, then?"

"Is he not Madame's grand-nephew? Does she not come of an ancient and illustrious stock? But he has none of the Kergolay blood in him. He has nothing to do with the old manor of Vieux Sablons; and, between you and me, little m'amselle, I don't think much of his nobility, for—"

"What, Vieux Sablons?"

The old man had come suddenly to a stop. He resumed, now, in some confusion: "What an imbecile I am! My tongue is always running away with me. I was going to say that I mistrusted his nobility because he is an Englishman. I can not endure them, those sons of Albion! Why has he not a 'De' before his name? Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt! That sounds neither more nor less than the name of a bourgeois. But I forgot, beast that I am, that Madame herself was of Britannic origin, and that every thing belonging to her, even in the remotest degree, must be noble."

"And I, too, am English, Vieux Sablons," remarked Lily, sadly.

"But you are not noble," returned the old man, simply.

"I don't know. I am Quite Alone."

"It is not your fault, little m'amselle. An enfant trouvé may be the descendant of Henri Quatre. But we were speaking of Edgar. The prodigal grand-nephew has condescended to announce his intention of paying us a visit. It is six months since Monsieur deigned to set his foot beneath our humble roof."

"Why does he stay away so long?"

"Why indeed. He professes to be very fond of his aunt. He can come often enough when he wants a billet of five hundred francs. But Monsieur has been away sketching, forsooth, and visiting the grand seigneurs and the grand dames at their châteaux. He despises the poor broken-down aristocracy of the Restoration. Nothing will suit him but the mushroom barons of Philippe, the newly-fledged peers of France, the marshals who, the day before yesterday, were drummer-boys. He visits the corps diplomatique. He is hand-in-glove with the Bourse. He is a favorite with bankers' wives. Oh, Monsieur is a man of fashion, the pet of Frascati's and the Café Anglais. Et tout ça n'est qu'un peintre. He is only a painter with a half-furnished atelier in the Rue Neuve des Augustins, and if it were not for the goodness of Madame, his grand-aunt, he would starve."

"Vieux Sablons," interposed Lily, gravely, "you are talking scandal. If Madame heard you, she would be very angry."

"Well, you are right, little m'amselle. I have no right to make observations; I, who am merely a poor valet de pied promoted to the chamber since our establishment has been reduced. Old Rococo, Monsieur the prodigal calls me. Yes, I am old, and broken, and rococo. I know nothing, save to preserve the traditions of the grand style we used to keep at Vieux Sablons, and to love, and serve Madame; and if I survive her, my only wish is to be buried in the same cemetery, and the same grave, at right angles, at her feet. The old nobility used to grant such privileges to their faithful servitors."

Lily was very sorry to see the old man moved; for two big tears were coursing down his parchment cheek. M. Edgar Greyfaunt was, evidently, no favorite of his. But his devotion to the lightest behests of his mistress got the better of his own personal feelings, and he resigned himself to the task of killing the fatted calf in anticipation of the arrival of the prodigal grand-nephew.

It was a very busy day. The invalid was agitated, as she always was when Edgar was expected. She was tetchy, almost cross, and Lily had to follow out the recipe of smiling upon her, and kissing her a great many times before sunset. The marketing done that morning was prodigious. Babette missed her outdoor orisons. The famous turkey stuffed with chestnuts was prepared as a pièce de résistance. The dessert was on a sumptuous scale. Madame Prudence, by special permission of the Abbé Chatain, came to help; and with the assistance of sundry little copper stew-pans, and a red brick stove fed with charcoal, concocted entrées of so overpowering and titillating an odor, that the subtlety of the aroma penetrated even to the boudoir of Madame de Kergolay, who, smilingly, speculated as to whether it was the compote of pigeons, or the salmi of partridges—of both of which Edgar was very fond—that Madame Prudence was cooking.

As for Vieux Sablons he rubbed and polished the plate until it seemed in danger of disappearing utterly under the influence of excessive attrition. Lily was told that she was not to do any thing, and was even scolded by Madame de Kergolay for offering to arrange the dessert; but she stole away in the course of the afternoon to deck the dining-room table with flowers, and display the napkins in symmetrical shapes, and fit little frills of cut paper to the candles.

Vieux Sablons whispered to her about five o'clock that there would be Champagne at dinner, and also Chambertin.

"It is the grand vin, the famous vintage of 1827," he added. "Madame has only five bottles of it left. Only imagine! What extravagance! But she would dissolve diamonds in his Chambertin, if it were possible, and she had them."

M. Edgar Greyfaunt came to dinner, but he came late. It was twenty minutes past six before he condescended to ascend the staircase and pull the horse-hoof attached to the silken cord. But had he come at twenty minutes past midnight he would have been welcome. It was not the slightest misfortune of Madame la Baronne de Kergolay that she literally idolized her graceless grand-nephew.

He was received in all ceremonious form, and with two lighted candles, by Vieux Sablons, triply powdered for the occasion.

"How are you, my ancient?" Lily heard him cry out in a loud ringing voice in the vestibule. "The same inimitable make-up. Vieux habits vieux galons! What a prodigious old mannequin it is. At the Italiens, mon cher, thou wouldst be invaluable as lackey to Doctor Dulcamara."

He was speaking in French, confidently and fluently, but with a broad Saxon accent. He thee'd and thou'd Vieux Sablons, not affably, but superciliously, and whenever he called him "tu," or "toi," the old domestic, who was only accustomed to endure that familiarity from the lips of his mistress, bowed humbly, but visibly shuddered.

Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt was ushered into the presence of his grand-aunt. He sank on one knee with a becoming grace enough and pressed her hand to his lips. It was the homage of aristocrat to aristocrat. But when he rose he tossed his head aloft and threw an insolent look around as if to compensate for the act of humility he had just performed.

The compensation was almost gratuitous. There was no one in the room at whom to toss his head or look insolent but a poor little English girl.

When his grand-aunt had folded him to her breast at least twenty times; when she had kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his lips, over and over again; when she had smoothed his hair, and pressed his hands between her own white palms; when she had bidden him to stand away from her a little that she might better regard him; when she had recalled him to fondle and caress him; when she had called him her darling Edgar, her hope, her pride, her sole comfort and stay in old age—she bethought herself that they, too, were not Quite Alone, and that there stood one present who was. She held out her kind hand to Lily, and, pulling the trembling, blushing girl forward proceeded to present her to M. Edgar.

"This is Miss Lily Floris," she said, in English, "a little English friend of mine. She is very good, and quiet, and useful, and I love her very dearly. You must be very kind to her, Edgar, and not at all sarcastic, for she is very young and timid."

Edgar made Lily a bow which was accompanied by a nod, and supplemented by a sneer. It seemed to say, "You are infinitely beneath me, my young friend, but since my aunt desires it I will condescend to be civil to you." The girl shrunk, but, alas! not angrily, from his bold gaze. In the remotest corner of her heart the trembling little fingers of her soul were already beginning to set up an idol. As yet what had she possessed to bow down to and worship? And how many of us are there who prostrate themselves every day to stocks and stones and think them gods?

Edgar Greyfaunt was eminently handsome. They were all there: the trappings, and gewgaws, and flounces, and furbelows of man's comeliness that drive silly women out of their wits. He was tall and shapely, and his nose was aquiline, and his teeth were white. His hands and feet were small, and his auburn hair curled in rich luxuriance over his broad white forehead. Nature had provided him with every luxury. All the accessories and addenda of beauty he possessed. None of the trifling adjuncts, the absence of which the cunning eye of a woman quickly detects, were absent. The slight mustache he wore became him infinitely. There was a touch of softness in his smile to relieve its impudence. There were silken eyelashes to veil his bold glance. There was a dash of music in his loud clear voice. There was strength as well as elegance in his limbs. Women like a Narcissus grafted on the Colossus of Rhodes. The middlingly handsome man has no chance with them. To succeed, you must be either a model of manly and athletic beauty, or else as ugly as Jack Wilkes or Gabriel de Mirabeau, and with the serpent or the devil's tongue. And sometimes squinting Wilkes and pock-pitted Mirabeau are more successful than Adonis the Life Guardsman and Antinous the muscular heathen.

They went in to dinner, and the prodigal grand-nephew was feasted. Lily kept her eyes consistently on her plate from the potage to the dessert, yet for all that she was perfectly well aware that his highness the grand-nephew's gaze was seldom away from her face. Madame de Kergolay ascribed her blushings and tremblings, her droppings of knives and forks and napkins, to timidity. To what other cause, indeed, could they be ascribed?

It is needless to give an accurate report of the table-talk. Madame de Kergolay uttered little beyond interjections of admiration and affection. Lily said nothing at all. As for Edgar Greyfaunt he simply bragged, and a handsome braggadocio has little to fear when his only two possible interlocutors are a fond, doting old woman and a shrinking girl. He bragged about every thing in general, and himself in particular. About the praise M. Delaroche, whose pupil he was, had bestowed upon his study in oil from Michael Angelo, and the chance he had of carrying off the Grand Prize of Rome at the approaching competition at the School of Fine Arts. About his jokes in the studio, and his fencing-matches with his fellow-students, whom he always vanquished. About a young painter scarcely so old as he, who had just got the cross of the Legion of Honor. "Every body admits that I am superior to him in form, in composition, and in color," quoth Edgar, modestly; "but then, you see, I am such a fainéant, such a lazy fellow. Never mind, I shall catch up young Rapinard in a year or two."

Madame de Kergolay fondly believed that he would, and in her secret soul marveled, whatever those tasteless idiots, the Jury of the Exposition of Paintings, could have been about, to recommend Rapinard for the cross. It is true that Prince Greyfaunt had never exhibited any thing. He told his great-aunt, with his easy laugh, that Rapinard was the son of an employé in the Pompes Funèbres—an undertaker's man; that his mother kept a bureau de nourrices—a servants' registry office; that he had a head like Quasimodo in Notre-Dame de Paris, and one leg shorter than the other. Madame de Kergolay was only acquainted with one Quasimodo—the duly-calendared saint of that name; but good, charitable, Christian woman as she was, she could scarcely help despising the bourgeois Rapinard, the son of the croquemort. She did not know that Rapinard rose at six every morning, to draw from the round till nine; that he painted all day; that he sat up half the night poring over his Albinus, and drawing the bones of the skeleton, and the upper and lower layers of muscles backward. And, had she known that Rapinard lived chiefly on red eggs and sous'-worths of Brie cheese; that he kept his father the under-undertaker, who was blind, and his mother the registry-shop keeper, who was paralytic; and that he was accustomed to say, "Never mind; we shall be better off when I am a member of the Institute and an officer of the Legion" (and Rapinard, I rejoice to say, is both at this present writing); had Madame la Baronne been reminded of these trifling things, her opinion concerning Rapinard would have changed, I warrant, to a surprising degree.

But there was no end to the Sultan Greyfaunt's bragging. He condescended to bestow a long evening on his aged relative, and when he was tired of bragging about art he gave fashion a turn. With vain-glorious loquacity he dwelt upon the grand houses to which he had been invited during his sketching tour; "for, although," he remarked, apologetically, "I mean to be a historical painter, one mustn't lose sight of the value of landscapes in back-grounds." His talk was of dukes and counts, of presidents of the Chamber, and keepers of the Seals. When his grand-aunt asked after the bearer of some memorable name, some waif and stray of the great revolutionary shipwreck, he laughed.

"Ask me after the Doge of Venice. All these people are as rococo as Vieux Sablons yonder, and are sensibly hidden away in the Marais, like rats in a hole. Now and then I cross the river to the Rue de Lille or de Bourgogne, and look up the respectable antiquities left high and dry by the receding tide. Do you know, my aunt, there are still people who believe in the most Christian King Charles the Tenth, and speak of that little boy over yonder as Henry the Fifth?"

"And you, my nephew," the old lady, in mild expostulation, interposed: "do you forget that I too have touched the hand of the sainted Charles, and that my only king is Henry?"

"There was a king in Thule—history of five hundred years ago—history of the Deluge," returned Edgar, coolly. "I might just as well revive the claims of the Lancashire Greyfaunts to half a dozen dormant peerages. I dare say we are entitled to them," he added, with a proud look.

Then he went on to say that one must live with the moderns, and take the world as it came. "A banker's daughter, with a dowry of two millions, and a pedigree out of the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles; or Mademoiselle the Marquis's eldest, with nothing but her virtue (and that of the most acidulated character), and a genealogical tree as wide-spread as a banyan. No, no, give me Miss Banker and her fat money-bags."

Warmed by the Chambertin, he began to speak of the Jockey Club, to which he intended to obtain admittance some day; of steeple-chases and billiard-matches; of the cafés and the Bois de Boulogne; of the duels he had fought, and the bets he had made (and won, of course); of the actresses—

But when he came to the dramatic chapter of his adventures Madame de Kergolay discreetly whispered to Lily, and she and Vieux Sablons wheeled the invalid's chair, not, as was customary, into the boudoir bedchamber, but into the salon—the which, in honor of the grand-nephew's visit, was lighted up with no less than six wax-candles. This was not one of Madame's reception nights. She only expected the Abbé Chatain, and found him waiting for her.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COOL.—A poacher lately described himself as a "game-*keeper*."

GREENBACKS.—The paper having the largest circulation in the world is now said to be that issued by Secretary Chase. It is an extremely loyal publication too· it supports both the Administration and the Union.

"WORM-WOOD."—A coffin.

A PINT IN QUESTION.—They are talking of giving beer to cattle. Let 'em put some spirits into 'em—say gin. Well, say you, what kind of gin? Why, say I, as it's for cattle, try Oxy-gin.

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

Wanted, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

Adam caused our evil ways, and MacAdam mended them.

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf."
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; "your Honor's main good,
For I never can *raise it* myself."

It is customary in some churches for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said, "Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side." "So much the better, good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the *sooner over*."

A kind-hearted but somewhat weak-headed Scotchman got into the pulpit of the parish church one Sunday before the minister, who happened on that day to be rather behind time. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that's my place." "Come ye up, Sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation the people o' this place, and it will *take us baith* to manage them."

After a long drought there fell a torrent of rain: and a country gentleman observed to Sir John Hamilton, "This is a most delightful rain; I hope it will bring up *every thing out of the ground*." "By Jove, Sir," said Sir John, "I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

An Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the *ice-house*, and *warm* his jacket.

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge? answered, "I have done still worse! I suffered myself to be apprehended."

A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the *happiest* fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

A lady reproving a gentleman during a hard frost for swearing, advised him to leave it off, saying it was a very bad habit. "Very true, madam," answered he, "but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any *habit*, be it ever so bad."

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," replied he, "and see how you open your mouth, *that I may know what sort of words will fit it*."

A gentleman, who did not live very happily with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was about to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night, exclaimed, "Happy girl! I wish I could give *warning* too."

Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely-dressed countryman of the king's. James, hearing the altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment—*send him back to Scotland!*"

An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer we shall be *both* of an age."

It was observed of an old citizen that he was the most regular man in London in his attendance at church, and no man in the kingdom was more punctual in his prayers. "He has a very good reason for it," replied John Wilkes, "for, as he never gave a shilling, did a kindness, or conferred a favor on any man living, *no one would pray for him*."

By one decisive argument
Tom gain'd his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed
I shall not change my mind," she said:
"But then," says he, "I *may*."

A physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of blood," replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.

A lad who had lately gone to service having had salad served up for dinner every day of the week, ran away, and when asked why he had left his place, replied, "They made me yeat grass in the summer, and I war afraid they'd make me yeat hay in the winter, and I couldn't stand that, so I weer off."

CUSTOMER. "A slight mourning hat-band, if you please."
HATTER. "What relation, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Wife's uncle."
HATTER. "Favorite uncle, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "Um—well, yes."
HATTER. "May I ask, Sir, are you mentioned in the will?"
CUSTOMER. "No such luck."
HATTER (*to his Assistant, briskly*). "Couple o' inches, John."

"I want to ask you a question," said a little boy to his drunken father. "Well, my son." "Why is a rum-hole like a bad quarter?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights, and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One of them took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

Stubbs said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear Sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

Jenkins is a man who takes things humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin' biler," Jenkins cried after him, "There you go, my es-*steemed* friend."

A victim of sea-sickness described his sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; the second hour I was more afraid I shouldn't."

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

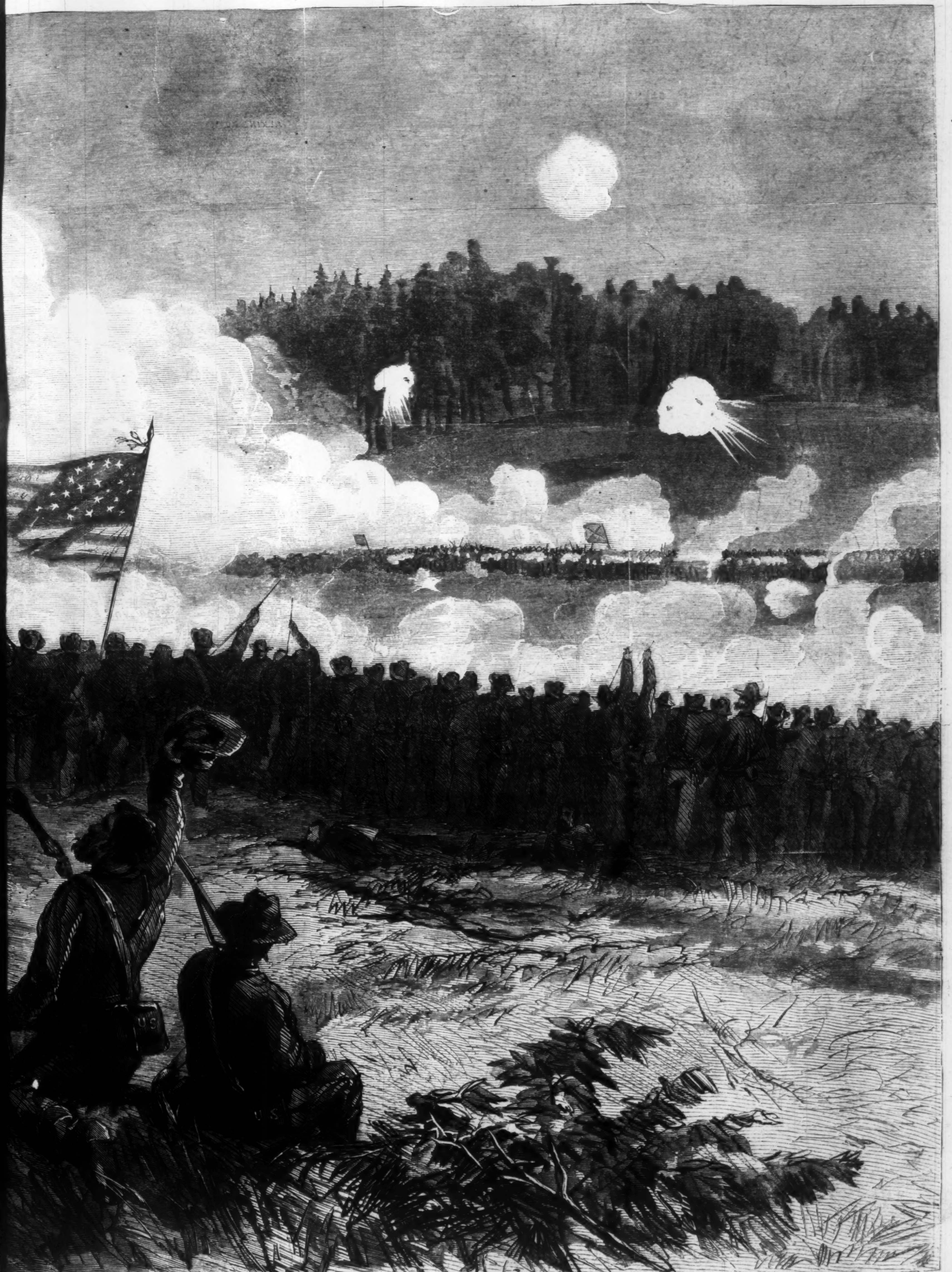
The man who beats a drum for the "March of Time" has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

At the bottom of an order for a lot of goods lately received by a firm in Liverpool from a Dublin house was the truly Irish *nota bene*: "Send the whole at once and the remainder afterward."

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

The lady looks oldest who tries to conceal her age. If she refuses to let her age be upon her tongue, it will be all the more in her face.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL ASSAULT ON LOGAN'S POSITION IN TH



N THE BATTLE AT DALLAS, MAY 28, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ON ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

## THE NAMES OF THE DEAD.

EVERY day the names we read
Of the heroes who have sealed
On the bloody battle-field
Freemen's faith in freedom's creed.

Dearest names of common phrase
Known around the board and fire
Ere the lips began to tire
Of life's tangled, wordy ways.

Names that in the past have hung
Like far-lighting, steadfast suns;
And unknown and uncouth ones,
Strange unto our Saxon tongue.

Names whose sounds were madly hurled
By the waves on Norway's crags;
Names that have been battle-flags
To the armies of the world.

Names that Ossian's numbers rolled
Round the stormy Hebrides;
Names that kinged the southern seas
In the misty days of old.

Crabbed names like unhewn stones
From some shattered Gothic dome:
Names with which imperial Rome
Silenced conquered nations' groans.

Each has held some music breath
In its smooth or rugged sound;
Some sweet tone with each is bound
In the silentness of death.

Oh! they are the sacred names
Which the language of the free
Gives to immortality
On a fairer scroll than Fame's.

## BEHIND THE ORGAN.

How long have I pumped at church organs you want to know? Well it's over fourteen years at the very least. May be fifteen. P'r'aps more. Long enough, patience knows; for it's pretty hard work blowing an organ in hot weather.

Have I known many organists? That I have—a precious set of scalliwags most of 'em are, too. Why here, in this very church, I've blowed for nine or ten.

Which do I like best? Why the light ones of course. Can't bear at all those heavy, noisy, blustering players. Give me the light, pretty, soft players. They don't need so much wind and make twice as good music.

Will I give you some of my experiences? Tell you what I've seen in choirs, do you mean? Well as to that there ain't much worth talking about, but such as there is you're welcome to it. Shall I begin when I was a boy? Well, I will.

My father was sexton of a little country church at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and got fifty dollars a year for sweeping out the place. Of course it didn't take him much of the time off his work, and then he used to get me at doing the sweeping after school hours. So it was precious little trouble to him. The church stood alone, on the top of a little elevation familiarly called Zion Hill. We were Episcopal. The Baptists had a big square meeting-house nearly opposite, and the Presbyterians a bigger one on the other side with a steeple. We had no steeple, to be sure, but to make up for it we had a square tower with little gingerbread woodwork on the top, and pointed pinnacles on the corners, with a lightning-rod on each. Besides this we had a big clock that faced four ways. It had not gone for four or five years excepting gone to wrack and ruin; and so when you looked at it from the north it was half past four o'clock, while on the south it was a quarter to one, the east and west, however, agreeing between themselves that it wasn't very far from eight, though they couldn't say just to a minute, you know. Besides, the east face had lost one of the hands, which, naturally enough, interfered with its accuracy.

To cap all, we had a bell, a genuine old bell, which had been brought from New York and given to the congregation by a rich old maid, who was buried in the grave-yard ever so long ago, with a grave-stone telling how "affliction sore long time she bore." We rang the bell a great deal, and were very proud of it; especially as it served for all the other congregations who had no bells of their own; so when we rang, the Methodys and Baptists and Presbyterians would begin to fix up and say, "Come! There's the 'Piskerpul bell. We must be agoin'."

Have I ever blown in other churches? Of course I have. I was two years in a Methodist church, and a year with the Dutch Reformeds—and they're no better than Presbyterians, you know. They pay well, I must say that for them, and don't need near so much wind. It's our long 'Piskerpul chants that's so wearin' on the organ-blower. And as to the *Te Deum!* it almost does me over. I always think it's laziness on the part of the minister when it's sung instead of read; and if there's any thing I do despise it is laziness.

Our congregation at Stillwater wasn't very large. I think there was always a scarcity of vestrymen, because there were so few men of any kind in the church. They used to say in Stillwater that it was dangerous to go into the 'Piskerpul church, for any one man seen there two times in a year was sure to be elected a vestryman; if he attended four Sundays following, he was a warden the very next Easter.

We had a few quite stylish families, who came in carriages and brought gilded prayer-books with them; and we had a poor Englishman and his wife who never paid any pew-rent; and there were, too, a few pretty girls from the Miss Wilkinses boarding-school, who used to come in a string, and had a big square pew near the pulpit. In the afternoon the young men from the Baptist and other churches used to hang about our door till the Wilkins girls passed in.

In those days I used to blow the organ for glory, and never dreamed of being paid for it in cash. Our organ—the only one in the village—was deemed quite an extensive affair, though, bless your soul, I've blown others since then half a dozen times bigger. It had five stops and a few pedals. The schoolmaster, Mr. Birch, played it till he died. Then Miss Haughton, one of the Wilkins girls, took to playing; and the same Sunday I took to blowing. Right glad I was of it too, for all the Sunday-school scholars envied the blower, and would very humbly beg for a chance to "help him pump." I wish to goodness some one would only offer to help me pump nowadays!

It was a small organ, and needed precious little wind and muscle to fill it; and there was a piece of lead sliding along a groove which told me when to stop blowing. To be sure on the first Sunday, without thinking, I let the wind escape several times, with an awful squawk on each occasion; but that was natural enough to a new beginner. Miss Haughton, however, made no allowance for me, and snapped at the bellows signal in a most irritable and unpleasant manner. Then she sent one of the singers to reprove me; for she was too fine a miss to speak to me herself. It was her first Sunday at organ-playing, and, to tell the truth, she didn't know any thing more about her part than I did about mine.

In those days I was a Sunday-school scholar, and pretty well up in my ten commandments and my catechism and my collects. Besides all these, I knew the fourteenth chapter of St. John by heart, and could say off at least a dozen hymns. So I had, you see, a good bringing up, and always expected to be a regular church-going man. But la! I never dreamed of passing my church life *behind the organ.*

From my little nook there, any way, I could see what was going on in the choir, and I used to often wonder why the singers whispered and talked so much, and why they never listened to the sermon; not that I listened to it myself, but then I had a vague notion that the duty of grown-up folks was to pay the strictest attention to the minister's discourse, and enjoy it too. Yet the choir folks only chatted and turned over the tune-books and munched candy. I have since found out that this is what choir folks do in all churches of both country and city.

Miss Haughton was as beautiful as a picture, and by-and-by it seemed to me a great pleasure to blow the organ for her pretty white fingers to play upon. Those fingers! How soft, white, and delicate, with nails tinged as delicately as if they were each a fresh, pale rose-leaf. She wore two rings: one containing a pearl, and the other an emerald. Once I let the wind go quite out, while thinking what a beautiful diamond ring I should buy her were I only rich.

She had a pretty little face, shaded, or rather lighted, with golden curls; and her mouth closed over wonderfully beautiful teeth. After playing she would take her seat at one end of the choir, in full range of my view; and I would sit all the time gazing at the girl-organist, never thinking of the clergyman, who, in the pulpit beyond, was preaching away at a great rate, though I got the reputation of being a very attentive listener.

Those summer Sundays I don't think I shall ever forget. The church windows used to be open, and the breeze fluttered in sweet with the scent of hay fields. A bird would now and then light on the window-sill, butterflies would float in and make a tour of the ceiling and then flutter out, and an occasional busy bee would create a sensation by buzzing around for a while and then hurrying off at a great rate, as if he really could not waste any more time in such a place. A few fans stirred half idly here and there in the little congregation, and the minister's soft voice fell gently on the ear as he half read, half intoned the old familiar prayers.

In a few weeks I knew how to handle the bellows of our organ to perfection; and I took the more pains because I somehow felt in my mind that it was not right to worry Miss Haughton by any failure on my part.

She seemed to like flowers, and usually carried a little nosegay to the church. I noticed this habit, and it occurred to me to get some of the flowers that grew in our garden and make a bouquet for her. But though it was very easy to get the flowers, it was very hard to get rid of them. I was too bashful to think of presenting them myself, and kept them by me the whole day, too shy to even lay them at her feet. So they withered.

The next Sunday I devised an ingenious plan, and going to the church long before the time for service, laid a neat little bunch of roses and violets on the key-board of the organ. Miss Haughton was a little late that day, and hurried past me too quick to notice my fright and agitation. I was too bashful to peer around the edge of the organ and see the manner in which she observed my little offering; but during the sermon I was *so* proud to see her hold the flowers in her dear hand. She was unusually lively, and I heard her playfully speak to one of the singers with a word and look as if she suspected him of what I had done.

I repeated my performance the next Sunday, and again the flowers—*my* flowers—were in *her* hand. This was satisfaction enough to me for that day; but the next Sunday I craved more—not that I dreamed of daring to tell the beautiful girl what I had done, but I only wanted to feel myself or my name in some way nearer to her; so on the stem of the largest rose I the next Sunday scraped a few rude letters—they were R. A. B., which, you know, stands for my own name, Robert Andrew Burns. The letters were so small that no one would notice them, and so badly carved that few who did notice them could make them out.

She entered as usual, and was hidden from me by the angle of the organ; and the lessons, the prayers, and the responses were longer that day than ever; as to the music, that was always too short, for then *she* was playing, and so I could be of use to her, and could even think that I was helping *her*. After the psalm she took her old place in the choir, and with my bouquet in her hand. The largest rose—pure white, while the others were red—I could easily distinguish from where I was; and I had twisted the stem on the outside, so that the carved initials must rest against her finger as she held the flowers. And I sat in delightful quiet, knowing that the white, delicate fore-finger was touching the letters R. A. B.

And so the minister got to his "fourthly," when suddenly my happiness was all destroyed. One of the singers, Mr. Jabbs—how I hated the man, though he was said to be the handsomest young fellow in the township, and kept store on his own account at Mudpuddle Corners on the Schaghticoke Road—this Mr. Jabbs leaned over to her, and whispered—

"Has not Miss Haughton one little leaf to spare for her friends?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jabbs," replied she, with a readiness that made my heart sink, "take any one you want."

"Only the one you select for me."

"Well, not to make you jealous, I'll let you have the best."

Then she took the white rose—the rose with R. A. B. on the stem—pulled it out from the others, and smilingly handed it to Jabbs. The wretch took it with a broad grin, and his big hand a minute later was squeezing the stem carved only for her gentle fingers.

I would rather have had it crushed under foot—have it trampled upon with scorn by *her*, than have seen it for an instant bloom out triumphantly from one of the button holes on *his* Sunday coat. I doubted the poor flower itself, for it seemed as if it ought at once to have withered at the hateful change.

The next Sabbath I cut the letters R. A. B. on one of the smaller stems, and again Jabbs was on hand begging for flowers.

"Now," said Miss Haughton, "last Sunday I gave you the best I had, so to-day you must put up with the poorest." He muttered, like a grinning ape, that any thing was valuable coming from her, and accepted with an elaborate smile the little red rose on which I had bestowed such care. Again the hated hand of Jabbs pressed the letters R. A. B.

On the Tuesday following my father called me, and I felt as if I was shot when he said he had a letter for me from Miss Haughton. After the first shock thought was very busy in me. Perhaps she wanted me to punish that Jabbs for impertinence, and at the idea I grew bold as a lion; perhaps I had been discovered as the bringer of the flowers, and she had sent me an angry order to stop such work. The latter view of the case seemed the most natural. It was all evident. I was to be reproved and dismissed from the organ-loft. I was to be publicly turned out of Sunday-school for the enormous crime of carving my initials on flower-stems. Well, how could I expect any thing else?

"You read writing, Bob. Just read it for yourself and see what it is." And so I took the note with a trembling hand, and read it, thus:

"STILLWATER, Tuesday A.M.

"MR. BURNS,—The rector thinks it best for me to practice on Tuesday afternoons on organ, and if your boy Bob can blow the organ for me he will be paid for his trouble.

"SARA P. HAUGHTON."

It was a relief, and yet a disappointment. She evidently had no idea who had brought the flowers.

As no hour was mentioned in the note, I was at the church and had the side-door open at one o'clock. *She* came about three, and with her Julia Jabbs. I always did despise those Jabbses—the whole family of them.

"Oh, Bob, I'm glad you're here!" she said, with a sweet smile, as she passed in. "Can you come every Tuesday afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am, and if I can't I'll be sure to have some other boy in my place. I'll see there's always somebody here."

"Well, any one you please. As long as there's somebody here to blow I don't care who it is."

This last reply almost made me cry, it was so indifferent—so cold.

The next Tuesday Miss Haughton came alone. Was Miss Jabbs coming? I asked. No, Miss Jabbs had company and couldn't come to-day. I blessed "the company."

After playing an hour, Miss Haughton stopped and called me. "Bob," said she, "in a hesitating way, very charming and lovely, "some one of the singers has been leaving flowers on the organ for me for a month back. Now, Bob, don't say to any one I asked you, but tell me if you know which one it is."

I was horribly frightened, but stammered out that perhaps the gentleman wouldn't like me to tell.

She blushed a little, and then said in a would-be, careless way,

"I don't suppose it was Mr. Jabbs."

"Oh no!" said I, quite impetuously. "It couldn't have been Jabbs."

"How do you know it couldn't have been *Mr.* Jabbs?" said she, emphasizing the "Mr.," which in my rage I had omitted. "If you didn't see any one do it you have no right to say it wasn't Mr. Jabbs. There, Bob, that will do. I see you don't know any thing more about it than I do. Now, go and blow the organ, please."

The next Sunday I placed a larger bouquet than ever on the organ, and in it were two tiger-lilies which only grew along Kidney Creek. I had taken the five miles walk before breakfast to get them. They shone like a bit of red flame among the pale white roses.

She was more smiling to Jabbs that day than on any day before; but she refused to give him a single flower. "The good angel," she said, archly, "who brings them to me would be jealous."

She so little suspected that her good angel was Bob Burns the bellows-blower.

That Sunday afternoon during sermon I laid my chin in my two hands, and gazed in idle satisfaction at the back of her head. What a beautiful bonnet! thought I, seeing it was hers; but the minute after I reproved myself for imagining that it could be half good enough for our own beautiful lady organist.

So I sat there dreaming and thinking. What if there should come to me at that moment a radiant fairy who should say, beckoning to me, "Robert Burns, come hither;" and I would go, and she would touch me with a wand, and I should be suddenly arrayed in resplendent garments—say circus tights and spangles—and the fairy should beckon also to a beauteous maiden and say, "Sara P. Haughton, organist of the Stillwater 'Piskerpul Church, come hither!" and should place the hand of the beauteous maiden in mine, and bid us both to enter a chariot (not as large, to be sure, but quite as handsomely gilded as that which carries the band and leads the caravan in the great American circus), and we should enter, and horses with flowing manes and wings should guide us upward quite to the clouds, meanwhile the good people of Stillwater all looking on with mingled awe and admiration, and those Jabbses in a state of horrible despair, tearing their hair and groaning!

And then, after much riding in the clouds, we should descend in a beautiful island where were numerous trees bearing miscellaneous large ripe oranges, baked sweet potatoes, and Pecan nuts; with the which I, in my capacity of Good Angel, should fill a large peck basket to offer to—

A sharp tap of the bellows signal reminded me that Miss Haughton was at the organ, that the benediction had been said, and that I was to provide wind for the closing voluntary.

Week after week passed on. Autumn came, and it was hard for me to find flowers; then I had to content myself with a few fern leaves; and soon after, finding nothing good enough, I had to cease my offerings. On Tuesdays, quite regularly, Miss Haughton came to practice, and I was on hand to blow. When she offered to pay me I always refused to take any thing but her thanks.

So the winter passed, and with the first of spring the beautiful lady found on the organ key-board two violets and three little white crocuses—my first flower-offering of the season. The next Sunday I prepared a richer gift, the result of a visit to Kidney Creek.

That morning my mother, at breakfast, said to me in an off-hand way,

"Well, Robby, you'll lose Miss Haughton soon."

"Lose her! Why, mother, what do you mean?"

"Why, boy, don't you know she's going to be married?"

"Married!"

"Yes, to be sure! Married to Mr. Jabbs. Law sakes, I saw through it all six months ago."

With my richest, my last offering, I went slowly to the church. I felt like one who has met a great misfortune, while he does not comprehend the blow. I went to the organ-loft, opened the organ, and when I put the flowers on the key-board their gay colors were sparkled with dew-drop—or tears.

There was a rustling of silk beside me. I looked around, and there was Miss Haughton, looking sad and kind, but not surprised.

"It is you, Robby," she said, "it is you, then, who are my Good Angel of the flowers."

I said nothing, but turned my eyes away; for she was looking at me sweetly, earnestly, and I felt that she knew better than I did myself what those flowers meant.

"For over a year, Robby, all last summer and all this spring, you have laid these here;" and she pointed to the flowers; "you brought them *so* kindly, so faithfully, and I never knew it."

I turned to her. "You hoped that some one else had brought them?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said, frankly,

"Yes, Robby, I was happy in believing it was—perhaps you know who. But last Sunday he confessed to me it was not; and to-day I come to find out who it is, and I see it is, Robby, a dear friend whom I never half appreciated."

To hear her call me her dear friend—to feel that she meant it—took away all bashfulness or fear on my part. We sat down in the choir. No one was in the church, and the morning breeze—the fragrant spring zephyrs—came in through the open windows, while the birds chirped upon the sills.

She took the bunch of flowers, and I asked her to give me one. Pulling out the largest, she was about to pass it to me, when the letters R. A. B., carved on the stem, caught her eye. The awkwardness of boyishness was gone, and I told her simply and truly my old fancy—how often I had hoped that her dear hand would touch my initial letters. The hour was passed too soon; and when the first early attendant was heard entering the church I left my dear friend—for such I now could truly call her—with one long pressure of the hand, and resumed my old place at the organ bellows. She did not occupy her old seat in the choir that day.

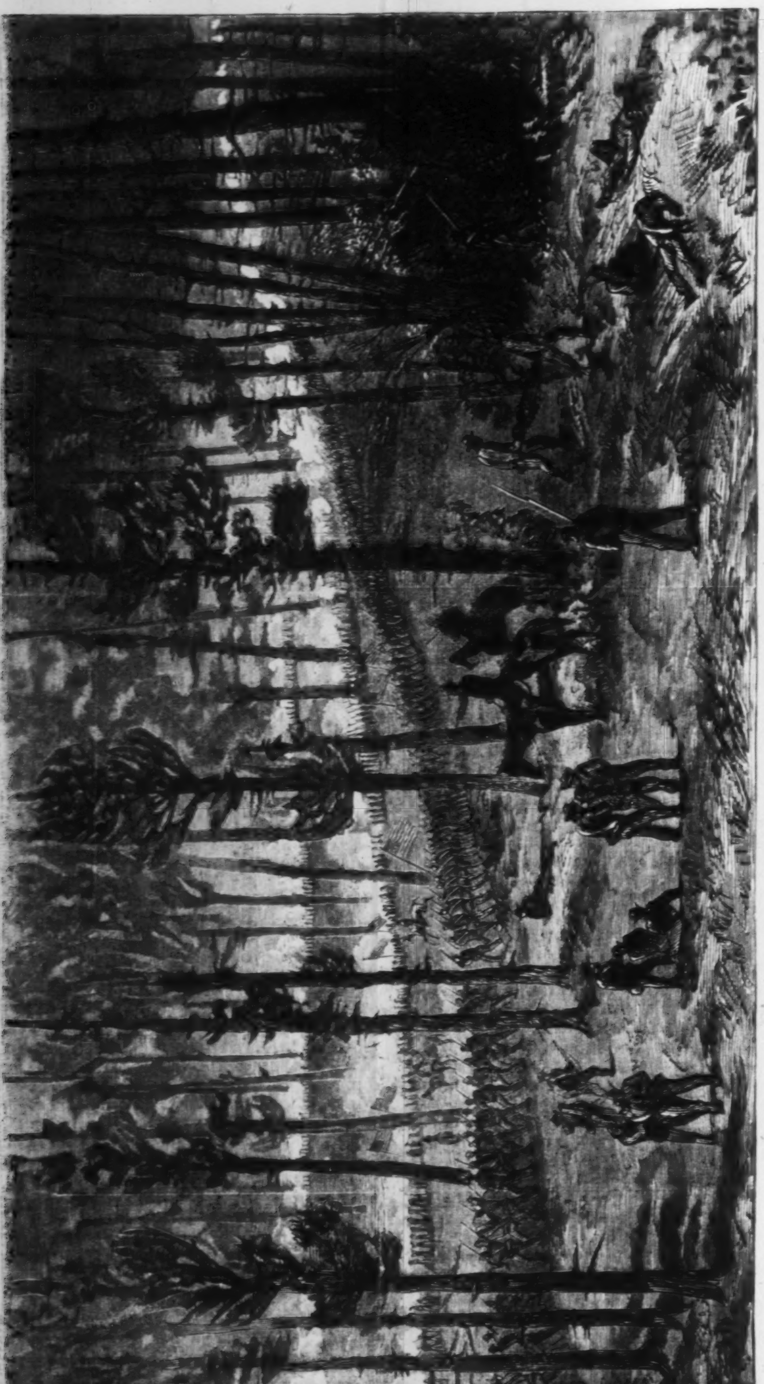
A few weeks after they were married. It was quite a grand affair. A professional organist came up from Troy, and nearly exhausted me by his noisy "Wedding March." As the bride went out of the church she gave one glance at the organ-loft that I knew was meant for me.

Neat cards and cake were left at our house next day, addressed to "Mr. Robert A. Burns," and making me for the time an object of almost awful importance in the eyes of my younger brothers. The card read as follows:

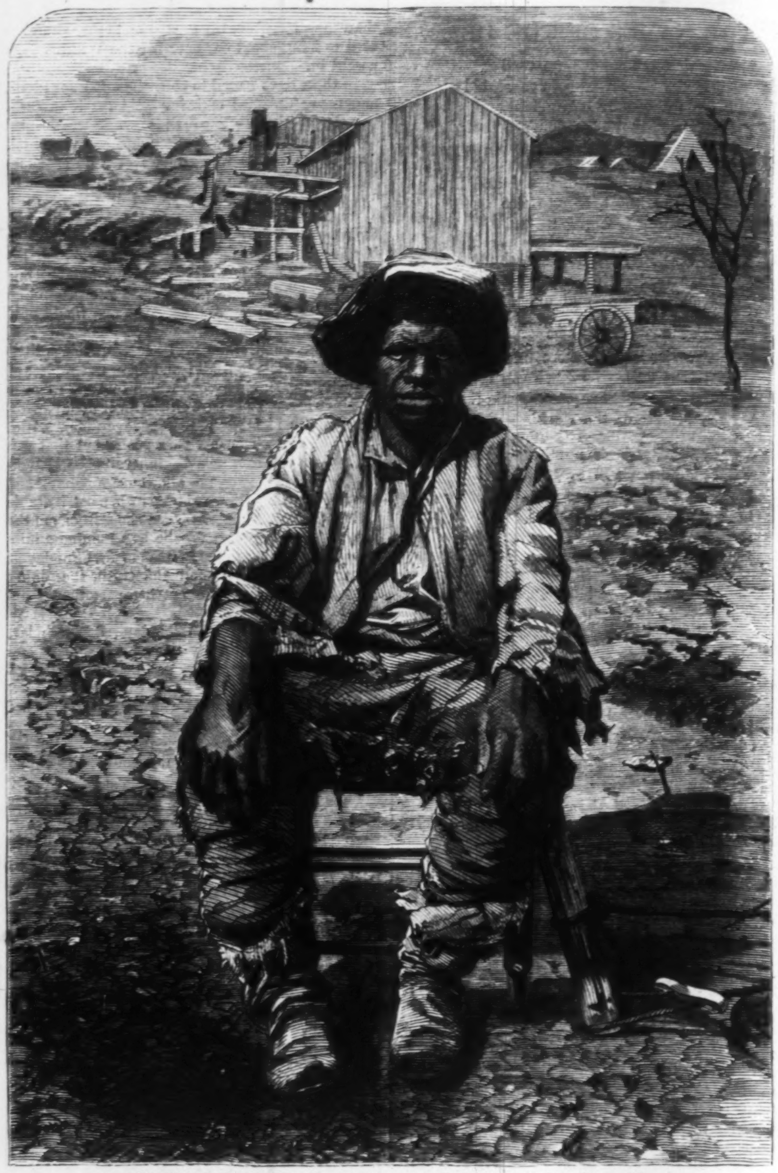
> **Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jabbs.**
>
> SARA P. HAUGHTON.

With it came also a little package containing a white silk handkerchief. On one corner was embroidered a large red rose, and on the stem were the letters R. A. B.

I know whose hands worked the symbol and the initials; and I know who yet keeps the handkerchief among the dearest treasures of his life.

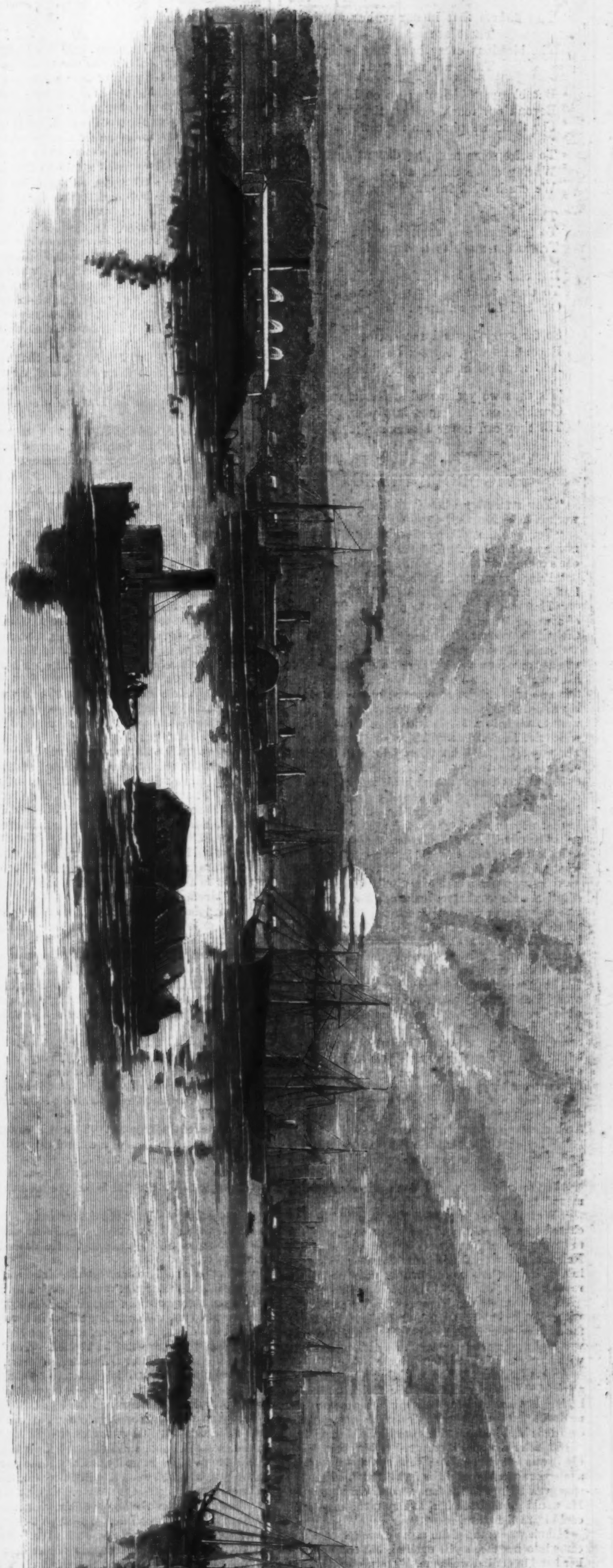


GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—GENERAL WILLIAMS'S DIVISION OF HOOKER'S CORPS DRIVING THE REBELS THROUGH THE WOODS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

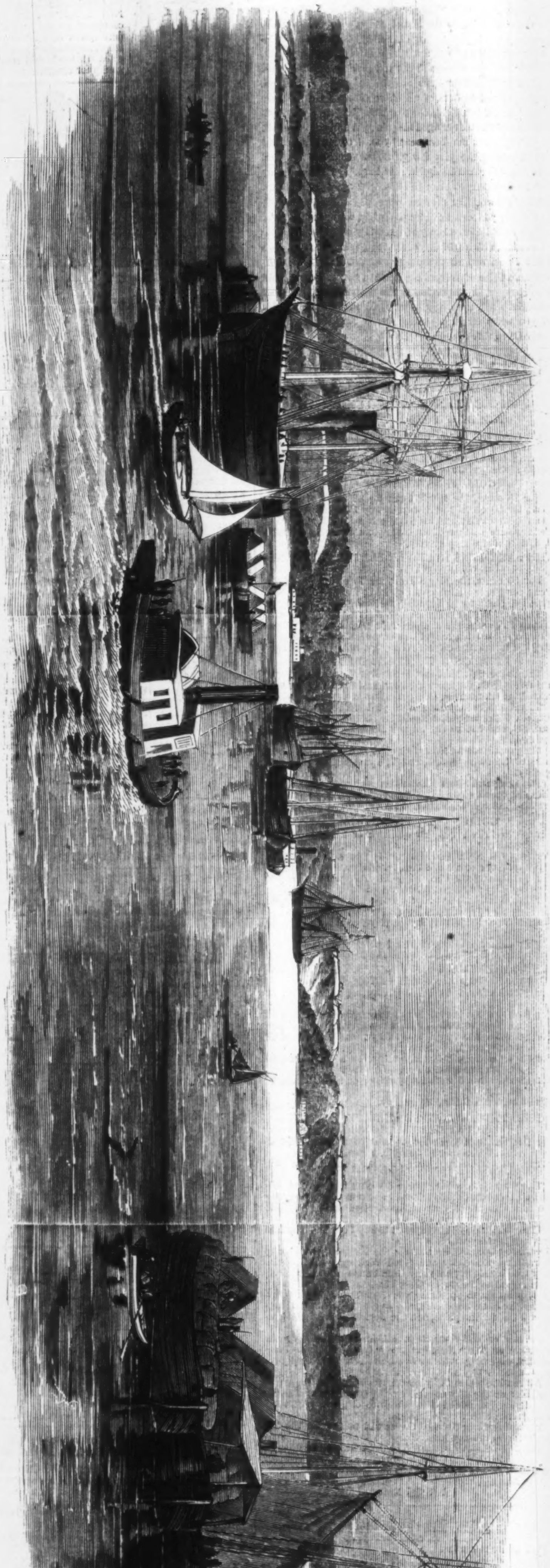


THE ESCAPED SLAVE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

THE ESCAPED SLAVE IN THE UNION ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES RIVER, ABOVE FORT POWHATAN.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 419.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT POWHATAN, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 419.]

## ON GATHERING WILD ROSES.

THE flowers that in our pathway spring,
These are rejected—
The blessings every hour may bring
These are neglected:

But blossoms blooming up on high,
Beyond our reach, against the sky,
For these we pine, for these we sigh.

To seize some tempting distant spray,
Waving above us, far away,
We crush what in our footpath lay.

Those common things, we heed them not,
To be despised is sure their lot,
Trifles but made to be forgot!

But oh! those lovely far-off things,
To those, to those, my spirit clings!—
Oh, had I but an angel's wings.

So far away beyond the earth,
Beyond its woe, beyond its mirth,
And triumph in a heavenly birth!

'Tis thus we yearn and strive in vain,
Crushing our pleasures into pain,
Till they can never bloom again.

## VIGOROUS DOING.

"YOU remember what Carlyle says: 'Needful work is to be vigorously well done?'"

"Yes, and that other axiom also, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' But the mischief is to get one's courage up to the sticking-place."

"Pshaw, man, you're not a coward. Didn't you lead the forlorn hope at Donelson?"

"That was child's play to storming the citadel of a woman's heart. For that, one needs an entirely different sort of courage."

Charlie Stanton smiled. He knew Al Travers was as brave a man as ever drew a sword, and with his coarser nature he couldn't at all understand this fine sensibility that cowered before a woman. He would have gone about love-making just as he went to work in a battle with that battery of his which nothing had ever yet been able to withstand. The way to accomplish a thing, he was in the habit of saying, was to go at it hammer and tongs, just as if that was the only thing in all the world to be done, and the present hour the only morsel of time in which to do it. He might not have succeeded in that way, in winning his suit in the court of Cupid as he usually did in the camp of Mars, but that was his theory, and he would have stuck by it come what might.

Al Travers was a man of a wholly different constitution. He was brave, brave as a lion; he could face any danger without blanching; but he could *not* stand before sober Minnie Nelson, could *not* tell her the thought of his heart any more than he could pluck down the stars under which he had so often walked with her along the green homestead lanes. His heart was dumb, his tongue motionless, whenever he endeavored to approach the one subject which, more than all others, engrossed his thought. And to make the matter worse, other suitors were crowding forward for Minnie's hand, and he could not tell at what moment, ignorant of his real thought, she might make her choice among them and slip forever from his grasp.

This fear of his was greatly deepened when, one day, a week or so after his talk with Stanton, Bob Archer, meeting him on the street, said,

"What's this about Minnie Nelson and Ed Bowlby? I thought *you* were the accepted in that quarter."

Al's face whitened. "I don't know what you mean," he finally said.

"What, haven't you heard how Bowlby has purchased him a house, and has given out that he is to be married, and how he is a daily visitor at old Nelson's, spending whole hours there every morning, while you are down town at your recruiting rooms?"

Al *had* heard some whispers of Bowlby's intimacy with Minnie, but he did not dream it had gone as far as this. But if he had purchased a house, and was really going to be married, why it could not be with any one, of course, but Minnie Nelson.

Archer left him after some further talk, and with a troubled face he walked on. So, fool that he was, he had lost her at last. He might have won her, no doubt, but for this weak cowardice; now he was defeated; and he ground his teeth at the thought.

But, after a while, it occurred to him that possibly it was *not* yet too late; that perhaps there was a mistake somewhere. His face brightened and his step grew lighter as the fancy took hold upon him. He would go and see her, at any rate; maybe he could learn the truth.

Minnie was at the piano as he came in. A blush came into her face as he entered, but she held out her hand in cordial welcome. Then, cheerily,

"Where have you been all these years? You haven't visited us in an age."

He answered, haltingly,

"It was only five days ago you gave me right here this flower." And he pulled a withered rose from his button-hole.

The flush on her face deepened as he held out the little flower toward her. Why, poor blind fool, did he not see it?

Presently he added, the rose still lying in his hand—she did not seem to care to take it back—

"But I suppose you don't much miss one out of your many friends, you are so thronged with worshipers? Besides, you have of course just now something more pleasant to think about than idling, worthless fellows like me."

There was a faint tinge of bitterness in the words that did not escape the listening Minnie.

"What do you mean?" she asked, gravely, the smile fading from her face.

"Ah, Al! how are you? Minnie, good-morning." It was Ed Bowlby who spoke, stealing in silently from the hall.

Al, you may be sure, was startled, but Minnie answered with a smiling look. Al saw it, and was puzzled the more. But it *was* provoking that just when he was on the point of discovering the truth he should be thus interrupted. So, very soon excusing himself, he went hurriedly away, leaving Bowlby in full possession of the field. "It is true, after all," said Al, as he dashed along the streets; "her face grew brighter the moment he came into the room. It's all up with Captain Al Travers."

But was it? That night, sitting alone in her little room, Minnie Nelson talked to herself in this wise: "I wonder what he could have meant? What is it he imagines I am so engrossed in? Oh, if he only knew how I long to know from his own lips that he cares for me! Sometimes I think there can be no doubt, his manner is so tender and kind; but then, just when he seems on the verge of a confession, he grows strangely reserved, and I am left more in the dark than ever. If he only knew!" Then, after a while, "But he shall never know from any hint or action of mine. I'll be as cold and reserved as himself." And with that resolution Minnie shook off her reverie, and very soon was asleep—dreaming all night long, spite of her resolution, of Captain Al Travers, who wouldn't tell his love.

A week passed, and the Captain was summoned to return to the field. In all that time he had not seen the object of his thoughts and dreams. Now, however, thus called away, he must see her, come what might—it might be for the last time; even though the betrothed of another, it was only proper to say good-by.

He called. The lamps were not yet lighted, and a pallid shadow filled the parlor, where Minnie sat looking from the window out upon the lawn. Somehow, as he saw her sitting so pensive and thoughtful in the shadow, his courage rose, and before he knew it his lips had said:

"I have come to say good-by, Miss Minnie."

Did Minnie forget her brave resolution not by hint or sign to indicate the desire of her heart? Why, then, did a deeper shadow fall upon her face at that simple greeting?

He saw it, and a wild flutter, like a stormy wave, broke over his heart. But still his lips were sealed.

Minnie's answer came at length, in tones by no means fully controlled:

"Why so sudden in your departure?"

"Duty calls. I have been loitering here at ease while my brave fellows in the field are suffering hardships I have no right to shun." Then he added, with a sort of savage delight, "There is death there at the front, but death is not the saddest thing in the world."

She looked into his face with a pained expression.

"You are in a sombre mood to-night. What can be sadder to a man or woman, with life just dawning into bloom, than death?"

"Disappointment—despair—the hopeless pursuit of objects it is agony to lose—these are among the world's saddest things."

"But *is* any object unattainable?" she answered, a blush driving away the shadow from her face. "Are there heights inaccessible to any human foot, and ends no energy can reach? Did you not storm and capture Donelson in the face of the seeming Impossible?"

She stopped short. Had she not betrayed herself? Where was her brave resolution now?

He caught the meaning of her words—they had hope for him, though she had designed it not. But was she not the betrothed of another? What *did* it all mean?

He was silent a moment. Then his cowardice melted in the white heat of a controlling, resistless passion.

"What is facing death in battle," he cried, "to facing repulse at the hands of the woman you love?"

It was out now—he could not retreat. He saw in the deepening flush on cheek and forehead that she understood all his meaning. He dashed on, passionately,

"What is death to me, Minnie Nelson, if you say to me here, 'Begone!' when I say 'I love you—love you as my own life and soul?'"

She looked up, with a strange light in her eye.

"But if I do *not* say begone, what then?"

You can imagine what he replied. Your own heart will tell you better than words of mine. At last he had obeyed Carlyle's axiom, and the work that was needful to him had been vigorously well done, and victory had crowned the effort.

He went a-field three days after, but not until he had seen Ed Bowlby married to Minnie's pet cousin, Maud Vinton, and had heard the whole explanation of Ed's intimacy with Minnie for her cousin's sake—the sweet, shy little cousin, who, in her timidity, had left with the more earnest Minnie the management of the whole affair, that it might be kept as sly as possible. He went a-field, but sunshine was in his heart and on his life. And in all coming battle days thoughts of the dear one who awaited his coming at the war's close have strengthened and sustained him; and now that he has the stars of a brigadier on his shoulder he rejoices in the honor only for her sake, dreaming the while, as the days go on, that, if God will, he will yet enjoy some day, in peace and rest, the full fruits of his Vigorous Doing.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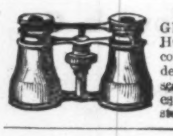

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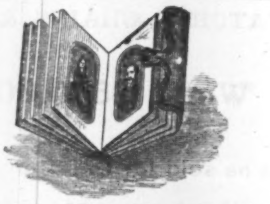

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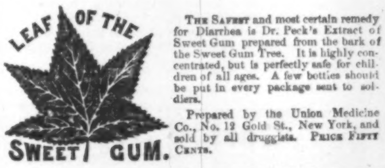


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